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## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FUTURE.

Mr. Chamberlain's admirers believe him to be, among other things, a very far-seeing statesman. I have no wish to assail their belief, though much may be said by way of disquieting them. In order to come to a quick understanding with them, and with all others whose eyes may fall upon these lines, I wish to say at once that Mr. Chamberlain stands for everything that in public life is least appreciated by me. This set down, what is to follow will not be misunderstood.

Is Mr. Chamberlain a far-seeing statesman? This is a question which may be regarded from two points of view. It may be looked at from the point of view of Mr. Chamberlain's personal career, and from the point of view of his influence and power as a statesman. His personal career is one thing; the effect of his conduct and proceedings upon public opinion and the affairs of the nation is another. More correctly, they are different aspects of the same thing. If we think only of the man, the question as to whether he is far-seeing may be said to have been already settled in the affirmative. Those who would dispute this proposition, if any there are, must be few in number. That Mr. Chamberlain has had a suc-

cessful career—I use the word "successful" in the popular and not the historical sense—very few educated persons would, I imagine, be found ready to deny. And this implies the possession of no ordinary foresight. Whether we look at his private career as a man of business, or at his public career, first as a municipal, and then as an imperial, politician, we see at once that amid all the changes and vicissitudes of life, his course has been always upward—always one niche higher. As one to whom public interests are everything, and private ambitions nothing—one who belongs to no party and has no leader—I deplore this; as a lover of candor I must admit it. I shall not here attempt either to praise or censure the arts by which Mr. Chamberlain has invariably contrived to pluck advantage from every party crisis, and, amid all the shifting scenes of political warfare, to grasp the skirts of happy chance. He is popularly credited with having defeated Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plans; but here, as in most things, popular opinion is altogether wrong. It was not Mr. Chamberlain, nor was it even the Unionist Party as a whole, that put the Home Rule scheme out of court. The Unionist forces were being routed all along the line when the

O'Shea divorce case, and the Kilkenny and Meath elections, reversed the trend of public opinion. Yet popular opinion puts the defeat of Home Rule to his credit, while he himself regards it, like the war, as a feather in his cap. And so, step by step, year after year, Mr. Chamberlain has risen higher, and has filled a larger and more rapidly expanding position in the public eye. Such is the purely personal aspect of his career about which, I assume, most people, whether friends or opponents, are agreed.

On the other hand, the public aspect of his work and influence as a statesman is likewise a matter about which most men have made up their minds, but not, I need scarcely say, in agreement: they are either whole-hearted admirers, or whole-hearted opponents. The friendly section regard him as our one and only statesman; the hostile section look upon him as the evil genius of the public life of our time. Both parties are ever ready to adduce numerous and weighty reasons for the faith that is in them. I will not take stock of their arguments, as they are nothing to the purpose here. If we exclude those who, on the one side, regard his political insight as inspired wisdom, and those who, on the other, think him blind as an infuriated bull charging a stone wall, how many of the open-minded sort are left? Hardly any. The proportion which those with open minds bear to those who have got convictions about the man and his methods is so small that it could scarcely be expressed in any readily apprehensible fraction. Persons who can bring to the consideration of his motives, aims, and methods, an inquiring, critical, and dispassionate spirit, are as hard to discover as were the righteous in the Cities of the Plain.

I now pass away from the general considerations brought into view by these few preliminary remarks to an

examination of that aspect of his career which is the proper subject of this essay, namely, his foresight as it affects, not the affairs of the nation, but his own future. This at the moment has become a very interesting question, and I believe that the mass of his countrymen are not so blindly prejudiced with respect to it as they are with respect to the beneficence or malice of his public actions.

Speaking some time ago—here I rely upon my memory—Mr. Chamberlain said that all through his political career he had observed that his aims in regard to public matters had a way of coming to realized fulfilment. This, in effect, was his language; I have not available his exact words. We may all admit that, in respect of some few things, this is correct. If we desired a single instance, we might take the South African war. But whether it is in the widest sense correct, who will venture to assert? There are no records of the ideas and unexpressed ambitions that form themselves from time to time in Mr. Chamberlain's mind. Therefore, while we cannot fairly assert that he is mistaken in this confident and airy optimism about the unvarying ascent of his lucky star, neither can we discover reasons why we should be called upon to acquiesce in it, with the fond faith of, let us say, Mr. Arthur Pearson or Mr. Jesse Collings. If we are bidden to acquiesce, we grow sceptical. We know that it is not in human nature to admit defeat, even when its most darling purpose has been secretly thwarted. History and experience teach that it is a common thing for men to march on from triumph to triumph through a long period, and then, when they least expect it, step over the precipice.

It cannot be, and I think will not be, denied by any candid person that, for the moment, Mr. Chamberlain fills a larger space in the public eye than he

has ever done—than any other statesman of the time does. Of success—in the divine sense of "getting on"—Mr. Chamberlain has achieved a measure that, taking all the conditions into account, stands almost unexampled. He has achieved it so rapidly, and amid circumstances so varying and difficult, that one need not be surprised at the widespread interest which his present policy excites. Pitt and Disraeli rose to eminence mainly by royal favor, and unaided by a single breeze of popularity. Mr. Chamberlain has made progress by aid of popularity alone, and that popularity he has won for himself. He has steadily and rapidly climbed from high to higher, until, at the present moment, he has got one foot on the final step leading to that platform which is the highest to which any subject of the King can attain. To round his career it is necessary that he should establish himself in that position. If he fails in this the failure will be great. It will be not only great in itself; it will dwarf his whole past career—will show all his achievements to the eye of history through the wrong end of the telescope. If he succeeds in his present policy, he will rank as a great statesman, whatever the good or evil flowing from that policy may be. If he fails in it, men will hereafter wonder how he ever came to be regarded as a statesman of the front rank. Of this he appears to have a very lively consciousness, and he has spoken of his present policy as taking his political life in his hands. If defeated, that defeat will bring into the scorching light of an unsparing ridicule every aspect of his present proceedings, and will subject all his past accomplishments to the action of destructive criticism at the hands of historians.

For these, and other, reasons that will readily suggest themselves, Mr. Chamberlain's present position and

prospects become, quite apart from political considerations, of deep human interest, more especially to those who think, with Plato, that, to use Charon's words, "La vraie science et la vraie étude de l'homme, c'est l'homme." It is quite clear that if he can carry his fiscal policy to a successful issue he will become Prime Minister. True, he has spoken of Mr. Balfour as his leader, and has declared that he will, in no circumstances, allow himself to be put in any sort of rivalry or competition with him. That is, no doubt, entirely correct, and there is no reason to question the statement. There will be no competition. If Mr. Chamberlain draws the mass of the Conservative Party with him, and obtains an electoral majority for his policy, no one will compete with him for the Premiership; he will, indeed, in such a case, be the only possible Premier. Mr. Balfour would not, if he could, reap where another has sown; and he is, I believe, too self-respecting to make himself responsible for a policy which he has rather discouraged than advocated—may, indeed, be said to have repudiated. Therefore, the success of Mr. Chamberlain's policy involves Mr. Chamberlain's accession to the highest office in the realm. He has not the slightest ambition to fill that great office. He is merely anxious to give effect to a far-reaching policy which will bring that about as a first consequence. But it is, of course, the policy, and not the consequence of its success, that is uppermost in Mr. Chamberlain's mind. His sole present concern is to save the British Empire from impending ruin. According to his own description of it, his policy differs from Mr. Balfour's only in being more advanced, or, as an admirer would say, more imperialistic, foreseeing and statesmanlike. And, surely, nothing could be more incongruous, not to say improper, than to place the man of the more advanced,

statesmanlike, and successful policy in the second rank behind the man of the more narrow, timorous and backward, as well as altogether unsuccessful, policy. In a word, such a thing is quite out of the question; and, as I have said, the success of Mr. Chamberlain's policy involves the personal success of Mr. Chamberlain.

Very well. Now, what are his chances of success? If the adoption of his fiscal reform proposals depended on the exercise of good sense and reason, they would, before now, have been rejected. In reason Mr. Chamberlain has not, to use a popular phrase, a leg to stand upon. He based his demand for reform on three general propositions. He said (1) that it was necessary, in order to arrest the decline of our trade and manufactures; (2) that it was necessary in order to keep the various parts of the Empire together; (3) that for any trading preference we gave the Colonies they would give us corresponding preferences. Mr. Chamberlain's public speeches, thus far, as well as all the data and arguments which they have elicited from friends and opponents, have completely disproved each one of these three propositions. Incredible as it may appear, I have read everything of importance on both sides of the controversy up to this moment, and the conclusion I have set down appears to me—and must, I think, appear to every reasonable person—irresistible. Is Mr. Chamberlain, then, beaten? Is his policy moribund? Not a bit of it; quite the contrary. His policy never appealed to reason, and will not be decided by reason. It appealed to selfish interests, and will be decided by the play of those interests, and by the popular forces that they can bring into action. All the predatory interests are ranged on Mr. Chamberlain's side. He realized quite clearly, before he adopted his present policy, that they would be. Writing in this

*Review* in April, 1902, I said, discussing the subject of "The Old Liberalism and the New Aristocracy," that the paralysis of modern Liberalism was due to the inability of the front rank men in that party to formulate a policy which would combine the forces of urban aristocracy and urban democracy. By way of illustrating what here follows, I will quote a single passage. "The town populations," I wrote (page 577, April, 1902), "have split up into an urban democracy, and an urban aristocracy, whose interests are not only irreconcilable, but are even antagonistic in a large degree. This, the most important, striking, and readily observed social phenomenon of our time, is the one which has been left entirely out of account by those who send political prescriptions to Lord Rosebery for the restoration to health of the Liberal Party. *If Lord Rosebery can discover a political programme that will command the united support of the urban aristocracy and the urban democracy, he can have office as soon as he pleases.* While things remain as they are in the political world, office is possible only to the Conservative Party." Later, in the same article, I expressed my belief that a political programme that would unite these two classes in its support was one that could not be discovered. I appear to have reckoned without Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly, had I suggested then that a year later he would be found stumping the country in support of a return to the policy of Protection, I should have drawn upon myself the ridicule of all the intelligent. Equally certainly the idea never occurred to my mind. When I wrote the sentence quoted, I believed, as I still believe, that the interests of urban democracy and urban aristocracy were, and are, irreconcilable. But I did not then, nor do I now, think a temporary political fusion of the two classes impossible;

indeed, I could not do so with the example of the South African war before my eyes. Lord Rosebery has not discovered any such programme as I suggested; quite the contrary. He appears to be successful chiefly in discovering policies that paralyze and disunite the party that has the misfortune to count him among its leaders.

But while the numerous leaders of the Liberal Party have been engaged in patching up their quarrels in a shabby way that is plain to the dullest eye, some one else has discovered a programme that, like the South African war, tends to secure the united support of urban democracy and urban aristocracy. No need to name the intelligent politician who has made this discovery. I do not think Mr. Chamberlain's policy can—I believe that it will not—permanently, or for any great length of time, command the united forces of the two antagonistic sections of the electorate to which I refer. But it may, and I think that it most probably will, command a common support from them for a time. Liberals feign belief that Mr. Chamberlain is making no headway, but that deceives no one. His coffers are full to overflowing; his organizations are extending; four-fifths of the urban aristocracy are with him; all the farmers, practically speaking, are with him; a large number of the land-owning class are with him; all the Tory working-men are with him. There is hardly a single Chamber of Commerce or of Agriculture that has not, either unanimously or by a large majority, passed resolutions in support of his policy. Large numbers of workmen who ordinarily take little interest in politics begin to think, with respect to his policy, that "there's something in it." Of course they do not understand it. How many of its convinced supporters and opponents do? I know a gentleman—a Wrangler, a Master of Arts, and a Fellow of his college—who

has been following the controversy from the outset, and this is what he wrote recently: "A— is of opinion that our capital in foreign investments is being steadily returned to us year by year in foreign luxuries. He believes that Chamberlain's policy will stop this. I have never seen this mentioned as an explanation of the inequality of our imports and exports." In view of this, and the like, is it in accordance with common sense to expect workmen to understand the matter? I think not. They know that foreign manufactures come in; and they think, and believe Mr. Chamberlain when he tells them, that if these imports were kept out they would be well employed at good wages in producing them. This, of course, is sheer ignorance, but the opinion holds. I regard it as beyond question that very large masses of workmen, who are neither Liberals nor Conservatives, take this view, and that they will support Mr. Chamberlain. That they would ultimately suffer, and suffer severely, for their folly, I have not the shadow of a doubt. This would be a just Nemesis. Unhappily women and children would suffer too, as well as other innocent persons. In a country in which the source of power lies in the hands of an ignorant and selfish democracy, such things are inevitable. While it is as clear as anything in politics can well be that very large masses of the wage-earning class are supporting Mr. Chamberlain's policy, it becomes a question what proportion these bear to the whole. The only data that go to decide this question are the results of the bye-elections. I do not take bye-elections seriously as a guide to the general judgment of the country; but they are, no doubt, to some extent an indication of popular feeling. In so far as they can be said to prove anything, they prove that Mr. Chamberlain's plans are not regarded by the working-classes with that hostility

which anxious Liberals would have us believe they are. Mr. Chamberlain has not, I think, converted any declared Liberals. Thus far he seems to have been chiefly successful in converting followers of Mr. Balfour into followers of himself. The British workman is essentially a bully, and nothing appeals more powerfully to him than the "hit-'em-back" and "take-it-lying-down" arguments. As for the plutocratic mercantile and manufacturing class, no persuasion was, or is, necessary. There the elements of combustion were ready piled, and Mr. Chamberlain had but to apply the match. Mr. Balfour's "resonator" simile was a most appropriate one.

Now, we have to consider more narrowly what Mr. Chamberlain's chances of success are, and wherein they lie. His chances do not lie in his own abilities, however great they may be. They do not lie in the formation of a new political party, for that is a thing impossible of accomplishment. They do not lie in the conversion of the Conservative Party to Protection, though he has, I believe, pretty well attained that object already. They lie in the fact that he has no organized opposition to encounter that is worth the name—I will reason out this assertion presently. We are told that the fiscal policy has divided the Conservative Party. This I believe to be an utterly mistaken view. True, it has divided the Conservative leaders; but that is altogether another question. The political student, if he have critical insight, will know that divisions between the leaders of a party, if the rank and file be fundamentally at one, do not mean much. If the rank and file be united, and have common ideals and aims, leaders will speedily arise who will give them proper scope and direction. On the other hand, if the rank and file be fundamentally divided, and its sections have varying or conflicting aims, no

co-operation or union between the leaders, whether real or avowed, will make that party an effective force. If this theory be sound—and I do not see how it can be controverted—it follows that the defection of men like the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Ritchie, and the rest, does not involve the break-up of the Conservative Party. If their lead should be followed by any considerable section of the rank and file, then the position would become serious. So far as the leaders are concerned no doubt there has been a complete break-up of the Conservative Party; so far as the rank and file are concerned I cannot discover any signs of serious division. As time passes the Conservative forces tend more and more to range themselves under Mr. Chamberlain's banner. Therein lies his strength. His opportunity of victory lies in the weakness and divisions among his opponents. The rank and file of the Liberal Party are divided into two sections who have totally different ideals and aims, the Whig section and the Democratic section. The first section appears to exist only for the purpose of acting as a drag upon the energies of the second. There has been of late much trumpeting about an imaginary union between "the leaders," and we have been told that "never was the Liberal Party more united than it is at present." These vauntings deceive nobody. A sort of a union has been patched up between the leaders, but this counts for nothing. The real mischief lies far deeper. Differences between leaders may be got over in one of two ways: by a compromise, as between the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists in 1886, and onwards, or by getting rid of the dissentients, as Lord Salisbury got rid of Lord Randolph Churchill. But fundamental differences between different sections of the rank and file cannot be arranged. In this case there must be a complete ref-

ormation, amounting to a revolution, in the party. The Liberal Party stands in sore need of a Cromwell and a New Model. There is far greater and more real antagonism between the Whig, or plutocratic section, for which Lord Rosebery and his friends stand, and the Democratic section for which men like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Lloyd-George stand, than there is between the Free Food and Protectionist sections of the Conservative Party. Lord Rosebery called for a clean slate, and he has, apparently, got his way. But he, and other Liberals who associate themselves with him, are strangely mistaken if they imagine that the country is likely to grow enthusiastic over a policy of critical negation. The present truce between the Liberal leaders will not hold for long. A general election must come at an early date, and, assuming that the Liberal Party comes into office with a small majority, as I think is likely, the mask must then, and almost at once, be laid aside. For the present the Liberal Party is like antique furniture faked up for sale. Glue, and paint, and varnish, hide the deep, worm-haunted cracks in the structure, but the moment it is brought into use it will break down. Under the least strain it will crumble away. Herein lies Mr. Chamberlain's opportunity. And his recognition of the fact as far back as November, 1902, is a proof of his political foresight—a foresight which has never yet failed him. Hitherto, out of every crisis in the fortunes of his own party, no less than out of that in those of his opponents, he has ever contrived to pluck advantage—to extract a new feather for his cap.

I assume that the Liberal Party will, after the next election, have a small majority, even without the Irish members. It is a very large assumption, but I make it. The sooner the Liberals secure office in such circumstances the

better for Mr. Chamberlain—the more certain his chances of success. For this reason an early general election would serve Mr. Chamberlain's ends, and, if I am not mistaken, he will strive to bring this about. With the Liberals in office, the Conservatives would at once unite upon his policy, and two sessions of Liberal administration would do the rest. The absolute, and, indeed, hostile incompatibility of the several ideals now prevailing in the Liberal Party make any extended term of office utterly impossible to them. They are all unanimously of opinion that the present is the worst possible Government. They are unanimously of opinion that any Liberal Ministry would be better. In like manner they think that a Liberal Ministry ought to be in office. But when we come to speak of legislation, and methods of administration, there is only bitter disagreement. Among the more ardent followers of the perplexed leaders there is a pretty general notion that the first work of any Liberal Ministry must be the amendment of the Education Acts lately passed. Probably the desire for this is quite sincere on the part of a small number of the leaders and a great number of the followers. But it is, I believe, well known that the great mass of the wealthy among the Liberal Party would much rather that things remained as they are. Being strongly in favor of purely secular education I am not prejudiced when I say that the whole of the agitation on the subject proceeds from the most narrow-minded, bigoted, and ignorant section of the community—the perfervid zealots who forget not to assemble themselves in Little Bethel. If I am to pay for religious teaching of which I disapprove I would rather that it should be Anglican or Roman Catholic than that it should be such as the Deacons of Little Bethel approve. In saying this I am but giving expression

to what no one doubts is the real private opinion of men like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Earl Spencer, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley. How inexplicably absurd it is to suppose that any Liberal Ministry could plan an amendment of the Education Acts which would command the support of any House of Commons, even if the Peers were willing to waive their powers, and let such a measure pass. In urging any proposals of such a nature as Dr. Clifford and militant Nonconformity contemplate a Liberal Ministry would have against it not only the whole of the Anglican and Roman Catholic laity and the House of Lords, but also a very considerable body of the Nonconformists themselves. The militant Nonconformists have a very sanguine expectation that the amendment of the Education Acts will be the first work of a Liberal Ministry. They are building upon sand, and are doomed to a bitter disappointment.

If we extend a critical judgment to any other of the schemes about which a possible Liberal Ministry might concern itself we cannot but come to a like conclusion. The fundamental differences are not so much among the leaders as between the Whig wing and the Democratic wing. The moment that a Liberal Ministry attempts to legislate these differences will reveal themselves with disastrous effects. It is not, in my judgment, possible to reconcile the aims of those Liberals who clamor for land reform, the taxation of ground values, manhood suffrage, and amendment of the Education Acts, with the aims of the plutocratic section who seek to bury real reforms by putting forward such shibboleths as "Efficiency," "Army Reform," "Liberal Imperialism," and the like. The Liberal Party in this country will never come to any good until it has shed its Whig skin.

Among the many questions of pro-

found importance that must claim the attention of a Liberal Ministry, assuming it comes into office, say, next autumn, probably the most difficult will be those of Ireland and South Africa. Upon these questions the Liberal Party is profoundly and hopelessly divided. It would be much easier to reconcile the views of the Unionist Free Fooders and those of the Protectionists than it would be to reconcile the opinions of Lord Rosebery and his section upon the Irish and South African questions with those of the Democratic Liberals. The idea of Lord Rosebery, trustee of Mr. Rhodes, falling in with the views of Mr. Morley and *The Daily News*, upon the subject of South African autonomy, is one that can only provoke a sceptical smile. It is, indeed, an idea not to be entertained by any one out of Bedlam save those who are fast qualifying for admission to that place. If we examine in the same way the Irish question we are at once impelled to the same conclusion. I care not a pin's value what majority the Liberals have at the next election; so far as the considerations I am here putting forward go, it matters not at all whether the next Liberal Ministry is independent of the Irish vote or dependent upon it. The result will, in any event, be the same: a divided rank and file, and jealous leaders with incompatible ideals. That means a short and troubled term of office, followed by an early and ignominious break-up. Therein lie Mr. Chamberlain's chances. We can depend on him to make the best use of them.

Until lately, in the struggle over the fiscal question, English parties have forgotten, apparently, the existence of Ireland. For all that Ireland exists; and Irish members are not in the habit of allowing Great Britain to forget the fact. English parties do not appear to have studied very much the view which the Irish members will take of

Mr. Chamberlain's plans. They probably hate Mr. Chamberlain more cordially than any other public man in Great Britain. But they are open to a bargain, even with him. Nor is he at all unmindful of the fact. Indeed, it was one of the first of which he took account. The Irish people are fast becoming a nation of peasant proprietors. They are food producers, and scarcely anything else. They import almost everything in the way of manufactured goods. A tariff of ten or twenty per cent. on manufactures would hit them heavily, and Mr. Chamberlain could hardly argue in their case, as he does in that of the British workman, that they would make good their loss by better employment and higher wages. But being a nation of food producers, and, presently, peasant proprietors, anything that would enhance the prices of agricultural produce would commend itself most strongly to them. Unless there is to be a very substantial rise in food prices, Mr. Chamberlain's policy would be altogether evil for Ireland. Now, it is necessary for Mr. Chamberlain, in view of the British elector, to say that his policy will not enhance the price of food; which means that Ireland is to suffer as a consumer, and not to benefit as a producer. Yet certainly he has Ireland in his mind all the time, for he has omitted maize and bacon from the list of the things he would tax. The ordinary food of the Irish peasant consists of Indian corn meal, potatoes, and the cheapest kind of Chicago bacon. By the omission of maize and bacon Mr. Chamberlain's policy takes account at the same time of the Irish peasant and of the English agricultural laborer. But 2s. a quarter on wheat, which the Irish farmer does not grow, will not benefit him in the least, though it would slightly enhance the cost of that comparatively small amount of wheaten bread which he consumes. If, then,

Mr. Chamberlain wishes to get the support of the Irish members in the House he will have to bid higher. The Irish members will not purchase Home Rule at the cost of increased taxation of their constituents; they intend to get it without any such sacrifice. But if Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet of "Experts" decide upon a duty on imported food stuffs which will substantially advance the prices of grain, meat, and dairy produce, a nation of peasant proprietors will, probably, not be reluctant to support his policy. While the Liberal Party, to my seeing, presents no real difficulty in the way of Mr. Chamberlain's plans, the Irish Party does present a real difficulty. And it is not the only one.

In addition to the Irish Party there are two other important factors in the situation about which no one can at present speak confidently. These are the landowners and laborers in Great Britain. At the outset it seemed as if the landowners would go over to Mr. Chamberlain in mass. But they have had second thoughts. On fuller reflection they seem to have become fixed in doubt. That doubt has been deepened and strengthened by the action of men like the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and others of their class. I do not believe that a letter from the Duke of Devonshire would influence a hundred working-class votes in the whole of Great Britain, excluding those who derive employment from him. But his influence with the landowning class is immense. It is greater than that of any other public man in England. And it is his action, more than anything else, that has set the landowning class thinking. No doubt a great many territorial magnates have appeared, at one place or another, upon Mr. Chamberlain's platform. But some of these were there as interested and curious listeners rather than as zealous sup-

porters. The number of those who have actually declared themselves supporters is insignificant when compared with the general body. Now, the land-owning class is an educated and a sensible class on the whole. They love their own interests just as much as other classes do, and are, perhaps, just as ready to promote them at the general expense. But they are not exactly fools; and they can see quite as clearly as any one else that not 2s., nor even 5s., a quarter on foreign grain would add anything to their rents, especially as Colonial grain would still be allowed to come in free. I know there are many who think, and a few who are rash and indiscreet enough to say, that 2s. a quarter is only the thin end of the wedge; that that will by and by get up to 10s. a quarter. Such a thing is not possible, for the very excellent reason that neither the working-class nor any other body of consumers in this country will allow it. If one Government put 10s. a quarter on grain another would be speedily elected to take it off. It would be quite easy at any time to repeal a heavy duty on food which really put up the price. But it would be extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, to take off duties upon imported manufactures when once put on. The difficulty would lie in the impossibility of stirring popular feeling on the subject. There is no difficulty in stirring popular feeling on the question of food taxes. The land-owning class know this very well. They are, both they and their dependants, very large consumers of all kinds of manufactured goods. A heavy duty on these would hit them hard. It would also hit the farmers, who are their rent-payers, equally hard. No one is quite so stupid as to imagine that a petty duty on foreign corn, meat, and dairy produce, from which all Colonial imports would be exempt, could possibly compensate them for the loss

in the other direction, much less show a balance in their favor. And if a higher duty—a duty that would substantially enhance the price of agricultural produce—were put on, they know that, instantly, a popular, powerful, and irresistible agitation would speedily lead to its repeal. They would then be in the contemptible and painful position of having burned their fingers in taking the chestnuts out of the fire for the most selfish and unscrupulous class in the community—the insatiably greedy manufacturing plutocrats. Having regard to all these considerations, and there are others, it is not surprising that the landowners, as a body, have hesitated to throw in their lot with Mr. Chamberlain. They have excellent grounds in reason and self-interest for their hesitation. They could not take a more suicidal course than that of following him. In the early days of last autumn they were tending to support his policy; lately they have drawn back. "The studied hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." For the moment they are neutral; but I am inclined to think that, as time passes, they will become hostile; for with them men like the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as I have said, enjoy a commanding influence.

Then as to the probable action of the laboring class in the shires, we, at present, know but little. The by-elections in agricultural constituencies have been, so far, rather against Mr. Chamberlain's policy, but not very decisively. The indications are that at the general election the agricultural laboring class will not support Protection. Among these men there are still a considerable number living who remember the frightful times of the Corn Law days. What influence these may have over the younger generation no one can say. I have had much experience of the rural population of the

laboring class, and I am inclined to think that, on the whole, they will go against Mr. Chamberlain's policy at the coming general election. Mr. Chamberlain's "Commission of Experts" has caused a good deal of resentment among moderate and impartial men who have not yet made up their minds on the subject; and among none is this step more strongly disliked than it is among the rural squirearchy. This body of men, while always mindful of their own interests, have a good deal of patriotism of the higher, or ethical kind, and there is nothing they detest more than the notion of American political methods—the "boss" and the "caucus"—the peculiar and special instruments of Tammany. If, in the ultimate trial of strength between Protection and Free Trade, the landowning class, as a whole, goes against Mr. Chamberlain—and I think this extremely probable—the farmers will follow suit. In that event the laborers, to a man, almost, would vote against Protection. Certainly no one connected with the land, whether owner, tenant, or laborer, can gain anything under Mr. Chamberlain's policy, as defined, while they stand to lose heavily. If that policy is hereafter altered by the "Experts" in such a way as to confer substantial benefits on the agricultural classes, the masses of the towns will revolt. Here, as it seems to me, is the first real and formidable obstacle in the path of Mr. Chamberlain. It would, indeed, be a strange and dramatic incident in politics to find that very class which resisted Peel, Wellington, and all the influence of the Court, in 1846, in their efforts to abolish the Corn Laws, presently engaged in an equally strenuous resistance of Mr. Chamberlain, at the head of the manufacturers, who were the backbone of Cobden's agitation, in his attempt to re-enact them.

The second great obstacle in Mr. Chamberlain's path is the attitude of

the Colonies. He professes the greatest confidence in being able to procure offers of preferential trading laws from them. I doubt whether that confidence is real; I am certain that no leading public man of any position shares it. In fact, this aspect of the question—Colonial preference—is but a device invented to lend a mask of dignity to the raid on the general taxpayer, who is so childish as to believe that Professor Hewins, and the forty odd "experts," are really framing a "scientific" tariff in the interests of Imperial unity. The Colonial Governments will never consent to make their financial budgets dependent on the varying moods of the British electorate; nor will the British people concur in a fiscal arrangement which would tie their hands, and make it necessary for them to consult half a dozen Colonies whenever they contemplated a reduction or an increase of import duties on any particular article of commerce. This is the last, and the greatest, of all Mr. Chamberlain's difficulties. I believe it insurmountable. Probably that is the secret opinion of Mr. Chamberlain himself. But for his immediate purposes this consideration hardly matters; the immediate purpose being to draw the Conservative Party after him, and win for himself that prize which is the highest to which the ambition of an English politician can aspire. Will he attain to this? I think, for the reasons I have stated, that he will. He has found a policy that is likely to unite urban aristocracy and urban democracy, at least for a time; and union for a time is all that is necessary to him. As I have said, the only indications we have of the feeling of the working-classes, at present, are those supplied by the bye-elections. It is clear enough from these that the working-classes are not violently opposed to his policy. Perhaps they will become so, but I think not. At present there can be no question that the

wage-earning classes are, to a very large extent, supporting his policy. By the time they have discovered their error Mr. Chamberlain's end will have been attained. The turn-over of votes from the Conservative to the Liberal side shown by the elections is not very large, and perhaps can be readily accounted for by what is known as "the swing of the pendulum." In all the great towns are numerous Tory working-men's clubs and organizations. We do not hear that there have been, nor have there been, any desertions from the membership of these on account of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Mr. Chamberlain's first step towards success is to get the mass of the Conservative Party on his side. This he is doing; indeed, I think it may be said, has already done. The next step is to get a Liberal Ministry into office, and to keep it there long enough to enable the country to realize how hopeless such a Ministry is. No very extended period will be necessary; afterwards Mr. Chamberlain will come into power as the chief leader of the Conservatives, and as Prime Minister. This will mean a personal triumph for him; not the triumph of his policy, because his chief difficulties will then only begin. He will have attained the object of his ambition, but his policy will fail. The preferential plan is the morbid element. This part, like every other part of his scheme, is not only vicious; it is visionary and impracticable. It will make

shipwreck on the rock of practical application, just as Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme did. But it will leave derelict wreckage behind it infinitely more dangerous and more difficult to remove. That is the real point for high-minded men to consider. I think I have shown that Mr. Chamberlain's admirers have reason when they say that he has remarkable foresight. Still, as Mr. Hosea Biglow would express it, he has "a darned long row to hoe."

One word more. The forecast I have made here is based upon an examination of the trend of political forces. It involves the deposition of Mr. Balfour and the accession of Mr. Chamberlain to the Conservative leadership. Those who have high aims in politics—men who love their country, and to whom politics is not merely a question of "spoils"—would, I believe, regard that result as a grave calamity. But it is now quite clear to everyone that if Mr. Chamberlain's policy becomes the policy of the Conservative Party as a whole, Mr. Balfour must give place to his late subordinate. Mr. Balfour has been much criticized for a weak and hesitating policy; but when the history of the present struggle comes to be written hereafter, I believe it will be found that no statesman has ever made a more earnest and sagacious effort to withstand a movement charged with incalculable evil and stimulated by tremendous forces.

*A Student of Public Affairs.*

The *Fortnightly Review*.

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#### A CITY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES.

Steaming down the Potomac, on an October day, with Maryland on one bank and Virginia on the other, Washington in the farther distance, one catches sight of the Obelisk a grateful nation

erected to its greatest man. Seen from this distance, its base embowered in trees, its topmost point piercing the blue of an almost Italian sky, the perfectly proportioned pillar suggests a

note of admiration evoked by contemplation of the beautiful city and its surroundings.

A combination of simplicity and strength, no memorial conceived by man could more appropriately keep green the memory of Washington. As he towered above his fellows, so does his monument lift its head higher than any other structure of masonry in the world. From a base of 15 feet thickness it mounts 555 feet towards the sun, tapering to a point rising from a block a foot and a half square. The glistening whiteness of its marble, quarried in Maryland, bears testimony to the record of a blameless life. Not a word or date is inscribed upon it, a reticence that is the sublimation of its perfection. For only one American could such a monument be raised, for him who was "first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen"—George Washington.

It was along this pathway of the Potomac that Washington, grown old and deaf, weary with a long life's labor, passed to the peace of his home at Mount Vernon. Loving hands have rescued this quaintly fashioned wooden mansion, with its white walls and red-tiled roof, restoring it as nearly as possible to the condition in which it was on the morning when the soldier-statesman finally closed his eyes.

There stands as he left it the four-post bed in which he died, the quaint furniture, the elaborately carved looking glasses, and the delightful Lilliputian trunk, with prodigious straps and portentous leather flap over the lock, that used to accompany him on his coach journeys. The coach itself, more than a hundred years ago drawn by six horses in accordance with Washington's ideas of presidential state, stands at ease in the very shed whence it used to be wheeled out for its master's use. Except the travelling box, there is nothing that brought to my mind more

sharply the personality of Washington than this stately coach, with its steps let down as if the master had just quitted it, its lanterns ready for night duty, its rusty wheels, its generous springs, and its traces of yesterday's travel.

Standing on the bluff on which the old homestead was built, looking towards the Maryland shore, there comes back a more modern memory. It was just here that the late Lord Coleridge, then Lord Chief Justice of England, viewed the scene in company with Mr. Evarts. The senator spoke of Washington's great personal strength.

"Yes," said Lord Coleridge, "I have heard that standing here he could throw a dollar right across the Potomac into Maryland. That seems incredible."

"Well," said Evarts with a twinkle in his eye, "you know a dollar went farther in those days."

The city of Washington was located by the President whose name it bears. Apart from its beauty, it is in some respects unique. One hundred square miles of land ceded by Virginia and Maryland were, in Washington's time, set apart as a metropolitan district. The national flag flaunts the stars of forty-five States. This is "The District of Columbia," a place set apart, ruled directly through a Board of Commissioners by the President and Congress, its citizens belonging to no State, having neither voice nor vote in local or national government.

The site of the city was plotted out by a French officer of engineers, who, fresh from the terrors of revolutionary Paris, saw to it that, if things came to the worst, law and order should prevail in Washington. Accordingly he ruled straight a number of broad boulevards, easily swept with cannon should occasion arise. It never presented itself, and through more than a century of peaceful times—the northern capital escaped the contamination of gunpow-

der during the Civil War—the broad thoroughfares have been asphalted, trees have been planted on the sidewalks, and behind them roomy mansions have grown up.

In these conditions, one effect of Major L'Enfant's prévision has been to increase the beauty of Washington by long vistas. Saul journeying towards Damascus was directed to "go into the street which is called Straight." Such an injunction would be bewildering in Washington, where all the streets are straight. They are traversed by an excellent service of trams, commodious, clean, cheap, incessant in succession. The difficulty about high cab fares, that irritates the Londoner accustomed to his hansom cab, is overcome here. For  $2\frac{1}{2}d$ . an electric tram car will convey him, at least within a block or two, whithersoever he may want to go.

Washington makes the most of its rare advantages for displaying public buildings. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster, priceless heritages of times when Church architecture flourished. But we have no room to spare for properly setting them off. Washington has placed the pride of its heart, its Capitol, on a hill, where glimpses may be caught of it from any part of the city. Round its base sweeps a broad boulevard which sets off to advantage its stately symmetry. The monotony of streets running on severe parallel lines is broken in a score of places by what are called circles, the centre being a greensward or flower garden with benches for the accommodation of the wayfarer. Most of these open spaces have monuments, the majority worthy of their prominence and the name they bear.

Oddly enough, the Capitol itself enshrines some woeful exercises alike in statuary and painting. They debase the beauty of the Rotunda, crying aloud for some beneficent strong arm to sweep them away. Flanking the prom-

ised Panama Canal at given distances, they would be excellent; or they might be used for marking the boundary of Alaska. Set in the most public place in the Capitol, searing the eyes of man, they are lamentable. Their history illustrates the weak point in American public life. They are the gift of State Legislatures, each one sending a statue of the man it most delights to honor. The commission for the work was obtained by log-rolling in the lobby of the Legislature, and was given, not to the best sculptor, but to the man who, in addition to sculpturing, had a circle of friends commanding the largest political vote.

Facing the Capitol, which, owing to perversity in the direction of growth, stands with its back to the city, is the Congressional Library. Built at the cost of the State, something like a million and a half sterling was lavished upon it. The result is the most beautiful building of the kind in the world. The entrance hall, rising from a marble flooring to a lofty ceiling decked in blue and yellow, is so sumptuously adorned with sculpture, painting, gilding, and colored marble as narrowly to escape garish effect. But escape is achieved. It is magnificent. Looked down upon from the gallery, the reading room, with its plain desks, at which sit workers, chiefly women, is enchanting. One would like to live in Washington if it were only for the privilege of coming daily to this hall of intellectual delight, with its walls and pillars of dark marble quarried in Tennessee, yellow marble shipped from Siena, red marble the tribute of distant Numidia.

The Library is equipped with marvelous machinery for distributing and collecting books. Demand for a particular book, set forth on a particular form, is despatched to the underground chamber, carefully heated and ventilated, where the store is kept. The attendant places the book in a basket,

touches a lever, and off goes the basket with its contents to be surely and safely delivered to the man who despatched the message. There is something uncanny in the dealing of the machinery with the volumes. A tunnel a quarter of a mile long connects the Library with the Capitol. A senator or a congressman clapping his hands by way of signal brings to his side a page boy, to whom he hands written particulars of the desired book. In the space of three minutes the volume is delivered at his desk.

In the "Arabian Nights" there is much clapping of hands by way of summoning genii. Not through the record of the Thousand and One Nights was there accomplished result more marvellous than this everyday incident in the Legislative Chambers at Washington.

The White House faces the Capitol in accordance with ordered plan, just as, unbeknown to probably nine out of ten members of the British Parliament, the woolsack in the Lords directly faces the Speaker's chair in the Commons. The difference in the case of the White House and the Capitol is that a distance of something like two miles intervenes. A magnificent project is contemplated, and will doubtless at no great distance of time be carried out, whereby only a stretch of green glade and garden land shall lie between the two buildings, thus adding to the magnificent distances that have bestowed upon Washington its poetical name.

The White House—no one but foreign ministers can be induced to use its formal title, the Executive Mansion of the President of the United States—is a two-storied stone building painted white. The foundation stone laid a hundred and twelve years ago, the building was first occupied by Mr. Adams, President in 1800. It was burnt by the British in 1814, rebuilt in 1818, and has since been associated

with much of the history of the United States and of the world.

Here, with no visible state inside or out, dwells the head of a nation who wields more autocratic power than a constitutional king. No sentry challenges the morning caller. A single policeman lounging by the doorstep regards the call as the most natural thing in the world. Passing through the open door, the President's guests are received by his secretary with the unostentatious courtesy that belongs to the well-ordered house of a private gentleman.

We in England are accustomed to the high courtesy displayed by the United States in sending their most gifted men to represent them at the Court of St. James's. From James Russell Lowell to Mr. Choate, the social and public life of London have been graced by the companionship of men of culture gifted with eloquence and strong personal magnetism. It is, doubtless, from lack of opportunity of personal observation that one is agreeably surprised to find these qualities enlarged in the President. The insular idea of the President of the United States is that he is the accident of a political organization, chancing to triumph over a rival. Mr. Roosevelt was not President to begin with. He was merely Vice-President; a rough rider to boot, a distinction of which he is proud. I confess that to British ears it conveys the impression of a bearded man in flannel shirt and top boots, with a tendency to use blustering language.

Sitting at the President's hospitable table, with a small company, including the French Minister at Washington, one of the greatest living authorities on Shakespeare, and a much-travelled American of whom it is not quite determined by his friends whether he more intimately knew Abe Lincoln or is more fondly conversant with Cicero, the rough rider in whom foreign na-

tions have come to recognize a statesman of highest rank disclosed the scholar versed alike in ancient and modern literature. In its variety, grasp of subject, out-of-the-way knowledge, and its evidence of marvellous memory, the table-talk of the President reminds me more of Mr. Gladstone's than of any man I have known.

The mystery is how and when the President of the United States finds time for the voluminous, multifarious reading that forms an appreciative portion of his daily life. I gather that the secret lies in using up odd ten minutes and quarters of an hour, with occasional awakening at three o'clock in the morning to find a book fortuitously by his bedside. Early in the conversation the President startled me by quoting Solomon Peel, the attorney who plays a casual part in the history of Mr. Pickwick. From Peel to Pliny is a far cry in the alphabet, as are the references in literature. The President was equal to both. It must not be supposed from this rough manner of telling the story that either Pliny or Peel was obtrusively dragged into the conversation whether by head or by heels. Each reference served to illustrate a turn in the conversation, and was followed by others equally happy.

The President, in the presence of a foreign minister, spoke with possibly artless frankness of his Government's relations with Panama, at the time of my visit the main topic of discussion. Some of the newspapers, who expect no good thing to come out of the Nazareth of the White House during its present occupancy, boldly aver that the revolution was a put-up job, the strings being pulled, with the coinivance of the President, by that arch-conspirator Colonel John Hay, Secretary of State—or, as he would rank in England, Foreign Minister.

I will not pretend (the President remarked in an aside of conversation

that has its historical interest) that I was not prepared for contingencies. For some time it had become clear that the Bogotá Government were trifling with us, resolved that we should not, except on their undefined terms, make the canal at Panama. I confess we meant to make the canal with or without their consent, if not by the Panama route, then by Nicaragua. As a matter of fact, little more than a week ago I framed a rough draft of my message to Congress for the opening of the regular Session. In it I called upon Congress to decide which route should be taken. The Executive Government would have been prepared to carry out either decision. Then came the rebellion at Panama, and the setting up of a new Government, who recognize the obvious fact that no people in the world have their prosperity more intimately connected with the construction of a canal through Panama, than have the inhabitants of that country. This simplifies matters. It certainly relieves me from the necessity of polishing up the rough draft of my message to Congress, written at the time when my Government was as ignorant of the plans of the revolutionary party in Panama as was the Government of Bogotá. The question now is, not whether we shall cut the canal by the Panama or Nicaraguan route, but how soon can we get shovel and pick at work in Panama?

On the question of the ultimate annexation of Panama, the President was emphatic in deprecation of such intention. "The United States," he said, "have enough to care for without appropriating tropical territory." In accordance with the same spirit the States did not want to have Cuba on its hands. It was unwillingly forced by circumstances to interfere. Mr. Roosevelt has a profound admiration for Diaz as President of Mexico. He would gladly have seen Mexico, under

his rule, take Cuba in hand. As things shaped themselves, disinterested, unambitious America was obliged to step in, entering upon what proved an unexpectedly long and costly war of conquest.

Keenly observant, swift and accurate judge of character, the President has a way of summing up the qualities of a public man. Of the German Emperor he remarked: "If he had been born an American citizen, on however low a social scale, he would have come to be boss of his ward."

Reference to the chronically disturbed state of things in Cuba and Columbia drew from the travelled American, now holding important office in the Home Government of Mr. Roosevelt, a charming reminiscence. Thirty years ago, visiting San Domingo in official capacity, he was taken in hand by a newly appointed minister, who undertook to show him round. Coming to the court-way of a prominent building, the guide pointed to a doorway, and remarked, as complacently as if he were indicating the name of a street, "That is where our last Emperor was shot."

In the course of his sojourn, he came upon an aged man, held in high esteem by the community, because he had been witness of a quite exceptional number of revolutions and lived to tell the tale.

"How many have you seen?" the visitor asked.

"Forty-two," the patriarch modestly replied.

It appears that when a boy the old man had seen Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette carried to the guillotine. Emigrating to San Domingo, the tale of revolutions rapidly ran up till it exceeded forty.

One indispensable quality necessary to the making of a successful President of the United States is a strong physical constitution and tireless energy.

There are perhaps few harder worked men in the world. Other rulers of great States are hedged about by carefully devised, peremptorily executed, ordinances of privacy. In the United States all men are equal, and have an inalienable right to intrude on the private life of the President. Three times a week the populace invade White House, pass in long line through its rooms to shake hands with the President, ask him how he's getting on, and how his family fare. This is merely by the way. There are recurring epochs, such as the Fourth of July, when he suffers this discipline by the hour.

This quaint exuberance of national feeling is a sort of excrescence on a year's work. The daily round of toil, beginning early in the morning and continuing till nearly midnight, is of itself sufficient to break down the most buoyant spirit, the strongest physique. On the day of our visit the President, detained by urgent public business, kept luncheon waiting a quarter of an hour. When it was over, leading the way to the room upstairs, formerly the Cabinet Council Chamber of Presidents, he was intercepted by news that the ministers of two Continental States were awaiting audience. The ceremony did not last long, and Mr. Roosevelt was back again in inexhaustible spirits, bubbling with good humor, insistent, as if he had nothing else in the world to do, upon showing his guests the treasures of his private room.

Among the pictures on the wall is a large sketch by the German Emperor, in which with his own hand he had drawn to scale every ship in the American Navy. This example of patient industry bears the Emperor's sign manual, and was given to the President by Prince Henry on his recent visit to the United States.

*Henry W. Lucy.*

## FOLKLORE OF HUMAN LIFE.\*

Within the last half century Folklore has extended its boundaries far beyond the limitations popular opinion of earlier days assigned to it. In the garb and character of an abstract science it has taken upon itself many a new quest, and its records are a chronicle of fresh departures. As "Institutional Folklore;" the study of ancient village customs, it has invaded the realm of sociological problems. It has usurped a comprehensive place in all questions of literary origins, as evidenced by Folklorist studies on the Arthurian Cycle, on Celtic Myths and Sagas, the Nibelungenlied and other epics of the past.

And, apart from sociology and literature, it has claimed a decisive voice in anthropological discussion. "Folklore is the anthropology of the civilized races, and without this complement the anthropology of savagery is incomplete," is the assertion of one of the Folklore Society's ablest presidents. Thus, too, it has become more and more a factor, by virtue of the "survivals" it detects in the determination of the history of primitive races, of more or less extinct religions and ancient mythologies, while in its analysis of such survivals in clandestine rites and customs, current or recent, it has thrown a penetrating light upon the submerged and subconscious creeds which the influx of modern religions and modern thought has never wholly evicted from their strongholds in the mind of humanity.

Moreover, setting these and kindred

- \* 1. "Folklore Quarterly Review," 1890-1900.
- 2. "Relics of Early Village Life." By G. L. Gomme. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.
- 3. "Science of Fairy Tales." By E. S. Hartland. London: Walter Scott, 1891.
- 4. "English Folk Rhymes." By G. F. Northall. London: Kegan Paul, 1892.

technicalities of scientific detail aside, and regarding the results of Folklore research from another point of view, it has above all other achievements accomplished one, and to the lay onlooker, a memorable feat. If it has not reconquered it has contested possession inch by inch of the vast kingdom of the past where that formidable friend, or, according to another standpoint, that merciful enemy, of human progress, Oblivion, once reigned with almost undisputed sway. From that dusky empire Folklore has wrested many an immaterial treasure. It has reconstructed the lichenized ruins of by-gone imaginings, reclad bare skeletons of long-forgotten thoughts, and tracking microscopic birthmarks backwards through decay, maturity, and infancy, it has bestowed a race, an ancestry, and a patronymic upon many anonymous foundlings of superstitious observances.

Seen under this aspect it is of all modern sciences the science which appeals most vividly to the sympathies of the non-scientific. It is human to its very core; it is the old-world *Idyl par excellence*. An interest attaches even to its technical details. The most trivial relic it handles, if it does not

. . . strew faint sweetness from some old

Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud,  
Which breaks to dust when once unrolled,

still is tinged with all the misty glamor of suns that rose and set upon genera-

- 5. "Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance." Rolland.  
"Le Folklore de la Beauce." Chapleau. "Le Folklore des Hautes-Vosges." Sauve. Paris: Littératures Populaires.
- 6. "The Mystic Rose." By A. E. Crawley. London: Macmillan.

ations of dead men and women whose phantoms people a world which has itself become a phantom. The very dust shaken by human footfall is charged with memories. Folklore has trodden, and for the most part without robbery or sacrilege, amongst the tombs of lost worships, and about the stones it dislodges some atmosphere clings of spectral illusion, the sense is diffused around of what has been and is no more. Stones, dust, relics, tell us of a lonelier earth, of immenser solitudes, of profounder secracies, of a nature-world more savage and more serene; and we recognize from afar—from very far—a human life more intuitively and instinctively intimate with that earth by merit of its intellectual ignorance.

That intimacy is gone, and that ignorance irrevocably dispelled; "L'ignorance ne s'apprend pas," it is an item omitted in every syllabus of the schools. We, in part, know, and knowing look for what knowledge leads us to expect. Yet "we never," says the proverb, "wander so far as when we think we know the way"; and how much science has erred and strayed, how much its path has been narrowed by its expectancies, who shall say? Nor does it much concern us to inquire. The past is past, bygones are bygones. Half knowledge is ours with all its defects, and the man who is wise accepts his conditions, mental and physical, without over-much weighing and balancing the better and the worse. But, with our new conditions, one trick of intellectual activity has come into being: the trick of backward-looking, the backward-looking of maturity—shall we add, of decline?—the backward gaze of the years that are gray to the years that were, despite their hundred shortcomings, errors, follies, and crimes, green. And Folklore hands us the opera-glass, that we may decipher somewhat of the past tenses of life's long-drawn-out verb.

It is a duplicate chronicle. It pictures on the one hand the image of an earth like, yet differing from, the earth we tread daily, an earth more self-existent with its multiple personalities and the individualism of its powers. In Folklore records one seems to see this earth using the mind of the infantile humanity which wandered over its surface, as a writer the tablets of his diary, inscribing thereon, in the hieroglyphics of rites and observances, of faiths and worships, an autobiography of its great elemental forces—the story of the winds that blew, of the waves that surged, of the generating lights of sun and moon, of the destroying fire, the petrifying cold, and the vivifying dew: the story of changes and of stabilities, of transition and of duration. If earth had ceased to be, if man since its annihilation had become the denizen of another sphere, he might seek and find in Folklore the scriptures of his extinct planet.

On the other hand, running on parallel lines with the vision preserved to us of Creation's eldest born—Earth, as registered in the impressions of her second-born—Man, we see how that second-born interpolated his story with the Earth's; how he mingled record with record, writing, as the amanuensis upon the margin of a dictated page, his own running commentaries on those earliest of early chapters. The mirror of man's mind, in which earth had first reflected itself, becomes part of the chronicle. We see it changing its nature, shifting its focus, readjusting its direction. It is colored now with one tint, now with another. It varies, it distorts, it is—that human mirror—a surface not of steel but of water. It develops its capacities, it becomes, like the magic mirrors of Folk-tales, a mirror with a voice and with thoughts. Presently the commentaries supersede the text. Man no

longer is a looking-glass to nature but a conscious onlooker at nature and at himself. He transfigures by rude mental processes of transubstantiation the actual into the ideal, the thing seen into the thing thought of. Perception becomes conception. He resolves the material into the emotional and the sentient: the tree into the spirit of the tree. Seeing one impenetrable mystery—matter, he to interpret it makes a second. He adds to earth's eternal riddle of substance, man's eternal enigma of spirit. Then, as if swerving aghast from that dual and desert vastness of the unknowable, we see him on all sides, east, west, north, and south, taking refuge—shall we say seeking sanctuary—in petty idolatries of fragmentary truths, in the shattered splinters of conceptions too overwhelming for humanity's poor faculties of brain to grapple with. And we may trace the processes: Folklore inventive, creating fabulous personalities; Folklore interpretative, ascribing attributes nonexistent to forces, energies, and activities of nature, existent but misapprehended; and later, as belief becomes tradition, Folklore explanatory, when men, observing by mere habit of centuries a rite or fragment of a rite of which the primary meaning was first obscured, then forgotten, invented a new significance, and ascribed as it were a new plot to the dumb-show of a non-extant play. The god is no more even a legend, but the act which recognized him is preserved. The living organism has quitted the shell, but the empty shell possesses some poor counterfeit vitality of its own, or has some accretive magnetism abiding with it. Godiva's legend is<sup>1</sup> an illustration of some such reinterpretation of a rite where the original significance is lost. In the East, the Indian women disraimented

still enact the ancient ritual of Rain-Goddess or Earth-Mother. In Coventry the faint memory of the Aryan ceremonial survived, transmuted into a pageant. In it the Indian invocatress has taken to herself a fair white horse and a royal vestment of golden hair, and the fable of the wife of the "grim earl" supplies a plausible pretext for what were else a senseless show. The divine rite of the propitiation of Deity—typical of many a transformation—has modernized into the celebration of an act of heroic, if mythical, charity.

So we have in Folklore research, facts of nature as men saw them, facts of nature as men understood them, and facts as men born to believe in illusion, in the hallucinations of sight, the deceptions of sound, the fallacies of touch, imagined them. We are given withal men's first tentative answers to the Whence and the Wherefore, and, in dimmer hints, the Whither of life. And the Folklorist spells—he does not claim to read—letter by letter the words of tongues unknown, and from time to time he catches the drift of some severed sentence, holds in his hand, for one illuminated moment, a last link—the rhyme of a child's game, the formula of a peasant's spell—of some interminable chain of beliefs whose first forging was dateless as the pyramids, whose original symbol remains inscrutable as the Sphinx.

Looking back through the mass of reports and monographs of the Folklore Society's Review, the pages which to the unscientific reader present the greatest interest are those dealing with Folklore as it pictures the daily episodes of human life, and these whether they originated, survived, or were adopted by the peasants of England and Western Europe, whether they were of prehistoric or of yesterday's observance. Concerning human life in the abstract, popular ideas and speculations are mainly embodied in

<sup>1</sup> Folklore Review, vol. iii. and Science of Fairy Tales, pp. 71-92.

proverbs and proverbial saws. Yet, amid all the variety, no one can read any large collections of such sayings without being struck by the existence in these bequests of current philosophy of certain dominant notes of feeling and thought. Although literary origins may be claimed for not a few proverbs which, having passed into the common speech of contiguous races, are printed promiscuously and side by side with sayings more rigidly appertaining to the region of auricular tradition, proverbs epitomize the results of what old chroniclers call "the common people's" observation of human qualities, their experience of things material and immaterial, their moral judgments, their often penetrating appreciation of the comedy and the tragedy of the events of life, the baseness of the base and the essential royalty of justice, of the transitoriness of the individual, and the permanence of the essence. In them may well be found the justification of the statement that the peasant's observation of actualities of nature is as accurate as his conception of things outside and beyond observation is fantastic. And no less than the scholar, the preacher, and the philosopher, the peasant passed life in review, inventing or borrowing phrases in which to record his verdict. His portrayal of his fellows is made with veracity; he neither suppresses nor embellishes the facts as he sees them. He gauges the varieties of character as dispassionately as those sages who rank themselves teachers. He has little or no pity for the weaknesses, possibly no overplus of reverence for the virtues, of humanity. Taken in the mass, his estimate of moral values is the estimate of the sceptic. Concerning friendship—to cite one group—not Solomon in all his disillusion could add to their venom. "Between friends a notary and two witnesses,"\* "A reconciled friend is a

double enemy" are typical examples of a multitude of Spanish sayings. "Tell nothing to thy friend thine enemy should not know," "Short reckonings make long friends," "Save me from my friends: I can guard myself from my enemies," are proverbs whose equivalents are to be found in most collections of any length.

Nor in matters of more general import is the average valuation of men's excellence higher. Gratitude is a rare return for rendered service. Benefits are written in sand: the ungrateful are hell's majority; achieved glory has a short memory; when the tree which gave shade has fallen, all men stand on its branches. While, on the other hand, "Celui qui offense ne pardonne jamais." Honesty, too, is a counsel of perfection. "Though none were by but the King and one of his suite, a man might miss his own,"\* "They are all honest men, and my cloak is not to be found," are the Gaelic and Spanish counterparts, and the Spaniard sums up the accounts in the succinct injunction "Do good and be on your guard."

But, despite his clear-sightedness, the peasant philosopher is tolerant of the sins he unveils, his sentence is pronounced with a quiet acquiescence in ill, and ridicule—ridicule abounds—rather than any other wage is the portion allotted to vice. "He deceived only those who trusted" echoes many proverbs conceived in the spirit which condones crime, making the dupe responsible for the imposture of the charlatan and opportunity the scapegoat of the thief. It would indeed be difficult to adduce any strong reprobation at default of probity or delinquencies in the code of truth. Lying is dismissed in one brief and pregnant phrase, "A liar needs a good memory"—significant enough of the peasant's attitude of mind toward the obligations of veracity. It is almost universally the op-

\* "Spanish Proverbs," John Collins, 1834.

\* "Gaelic Proverbs," Mackintosh, 1819.

portunist attitude as opposed to that of abstract principle.

Other proverbs may undoubtedly be found implying converse tendencies, general and particular. Other readings may suggest themselves to readers of the temper of mind which such collections as Bohn's, Fuller's, Collins's, Mackintosh's would seem to indicate. Moreover, it may justly be urged that many owe their preservation as current sayings more to the educated than the peasant classes. But after all such deductions are made, a general impression (that thorn in the side of the exact scientist) holds its own, and the Folklore of philosophy remains imprinted on the mind as a philosophy of morals seen from the standpoint of the pessimist and announced with the conviction and the indifference of a fatalistic neutrality. Race, it is true, has influenced the outlook, for races see with different eyes and hear with different ears. Yet theories of disparities in race-temperament founded on apparent discrepancies of feeling would be more than likely to mislead—so intricate is the web of borrowings and lendings of national sentiment. It may be purely accidental that, to take one case of omission, in the Gaelic collection cited, there hardly exists one proverb inculcating distrust between friends, while the corresponding book of Spanish proverbs abounds in cautionary phrases. It is—or may be—by a mere chance that the French adage, "Where there is nothing the King loses his rights," should have found its way, or *vice versa*, into the Gaelic, and that the famous Spanish sword-inscription, "Draw me not without cause; sheath me not without honor," likewise has its literal Gaelic rendering. But it is perhaps more than coincidence that, when we come to proverbs dealing not so much with human qualities as with life as life, there is almost a consensus of opinion. It is seldom that a proverb occurs in

which life is acknowledged as a wholly desirable good, but all are at one in so far as it is never fretfully decried. "No man ever existed without having two days." "Many a broken ship has come to land." "No tide of flood without a tide of ebb." "Uphill is no longer than down." "No door ever shut but another opened." "Worse is the Fear than the Battle." "A good world—should it last so." "Let every man praise the ford as he finds it." "Praise the good day at the close of it," or reversed, "Speak no ill of the year till it is passed," is an injunction repeated in one language after another. There is no tendency to wholesale depreciation, no reflection of the true Eastern contempt, the deep-rooted melancholy recognition that all is vanity; conversely there is singularly little enthusiasm for any phase of existence even taken at its best. "Lost is my best-beloved, but I wish him not alive," so runs the significant Gaelic lamentation. Nevertheless, life is given freely the merit of her uncertainties, and fate is awarded the praise of her fluctuations no less than the credit of her impartiality. The lane has its turning; the road is not bad if it leads home. What the wind brings, the rain takes. Fortune is like the market: wait, and the price falls.

After some such fashion most readers will read the drift of proverbial wisdom. No incontrovertible argument can be founded on such citations, for argument here involves a question of origins, and the man would be rash who attempted to assign a birthplace to such axioms. "Production by the local wit, appreciation by the local circle, record by the social observer,"<sup>4</sup> may be a correct definition of the most usual process. But, once afloat, who shall say whether the currents have carried them? Those earliest embedded in prose or verse may well have arisen far beyond the ken of literary scholarship. Villon's "Où sont

<sup>4</sup> Jacobs, vol. iv. *Folklore Review*.

les neiges d'antan," Chaucer's "Three may keep council if twain be awale," may have travelled far across continents to the land of their printed abiding.

Whether customs, rites, and observances carry much more assurance as indications of the spontaneous thoughts of the men and women amongst whom they are found is a vexed question. Messieurs les Folklorists are not exactly a household agreed, nor, as it strikes an outsider, is their manner of envisaging their disagreements likely to result in that elucidation of truth which involves, with conformity of opinion, unity of mind. And when, as they frequently and justly assert, each item of Folklore has a biography which must be studied in its own home, and when each item so studied is to be resolved into its component elements—Formula, Purpose, Penalty or Result—and each of these severally claims consideration both as a problem combined and a problem apart,<sup>4</sup> the field for dispute becomes as boundless as the ingenuity of the interpreters. At the present stage of the science no onlooker need aspire to a critical opinion: his business—that is to say his interest—will lie outside the region of criticism. It is with the pictorial and imaginative aspect of rites and customs, with what they betray of man's own thoughts as they cluster round birth, childhood, maturity, age, and death, with the retention of ancient usages, social and religious, renamed, reclad, and reconstituted by renewed generations of social and religious authorities, that he is mainly concerned.

It is only possible in giving a brief survey of the labors of years to catch some scattered threads of the facts and theories recorded, to dwell on some isolated details or current superstitions, which seem to converge towards larger unities of thought with regard to a few

among the episodes of man's existence. To elucidate the occult principles which may lie at the core of various manifestations of beliefs—as in the importance attached to the relative virtues inherent in different substances, or in the abstract value accorded to days, hours, and seasons in their influence on human life—ap pertains to the province of the scientist. But in touching upon these fragmentary sections of all that Folklore has offered to our gaze, it is impossible not to gain some appreciation of the far-reaching deductions to be drawn from the mass of material rescued and accumulated by the members of the Society, and of the Herculean task already begun in the work of categorical classification.

The most obvious, universal, and pervading of the beliefs belonging to Folklore proper, and the belief which survives in the most everyday form, is the belief in omens: in omens of good or ill fortune: destiny in the abstract; with omens of particular events and occurrences at hand or in the near future: destiny in concrete manifestations. This belief is focussed on the great issues of life, most especially on what the formula of the fortune-teller<sup>4</sup> designates "commencements." And it is curious to note how generally everything represented—again to use the magic formula—by the numerical figure 1, has become by popular dictum an omen in itself of favorable fortune. The first blossom of many flowers, the first song of various birds, the first sight of certain butterflies, no less than the first seeing of new moons (so the circumstances accord with prescribed conditions)—each is viewed as a *porte-bonheur*. The "commencement," however, of man's own life, as implied by human birth, appears not itself as a *porte-bonheur*, nor in itself, indeed, as an omen, but as a nucleus, round which, as to a

\* Annual Address, G. L. Gomme, 1896, *Folklore Review*.

\* The Tarot of the Bohemians. Papus. London, 1892.

magnetized centre, omens cluster and portents throng.

And here it is that faintly, and through a network of intersecting pathways, we descry, or fancy that we may descry, the dividings of the road where men's foot-tracks deviate to right or to left: the cross-roads where thought whose dominant idea was destiny—in the acceptance of the necessitarian—severed itself from thought whose tendency was the accentuation of will. To one man life is simplified into the mere manifestation of a fixed, arbitrary fate. To another life is theoretically or practically looked upon as the result of personal volition. Skill, genius almost, is an acquisition; power is an outcome of resolve; knowledge is an attainment of choice, attention, and study. In Folklore we may discern dimly the working of these opposing beliefs. One section, oriental in its type, bows effortless to doom; the other seeks to avert, to propitiate, to alter the course of destiny; while, hovering between, in ancient as in modern days, stand the men of divided opinion. Life, for these, is fate, but fate moulded by will. They are not responsible for the clay, but they may cast it according to their fancy; they cannot spin the thread, but they are free to elect the pattern of its weaving.

In birth-omens both schools of belief are traceable. "As the tree falls so shall it lie," says the moralist as he looks upon man's exit from the stage of life. The mental attitude of the onlooker at man's entrance upon the scene seems often to be an analogous one. Yet it is hard to distinguish even here the necessitarian. For there are omens and omens; and, moreover, there are two very different ways of accepting them. The train is signalled; it must arrive. So interpreted, the omen is fatalism pure and simple. The train is signalled; it is just possible it may not arrive. Such is the doubt expressed

in counter-spells of prevention and attempts to ward off portended catastrophes. These imply belief in a placable destiny or a recognition of rival decrees. Again, in the acceptance of omens there is a further distinction. By one man, or race, the signal is regarded as bringing the train. It is not a mere advertisement, a mere forewarning, but is in itself a cause, a sacramental medium, in which good or ill fortune is an inherent quality. In this acceptance the fatalist interpretation is involved: between cause and effect no possible severance is admitted. With other men, or races, the omen is no more than the red flag of warning. "He does not bring the trouble," says an Islay witness, speaking of a ghostly light,<sup>7</sup> "but he comes before it." Such a conception admits of prevention. It may amount to little more than the injunction, "On that road is danger; go the other way." It belongs conjecturally to a non-fatalist creed, and assumes no predestined necessity. Were it possible to group all omens according to some such classification, were it possible to trace in them the creeds of the races of fate and the races who have given a dominant and effective force to human will and action, light might shine in some hitherto dark places.

The gulf is wide truly between fate and will as active principles. Nor is it only a matter of race. We imagine that the Folklorist will allow that the fatalist is the first-born. He is that primitive child whose biography Folklore writes. But even amongst Westerns of to-day, dwelling under conditions which efface surface distinctions of race-ancestry, peoples who, speaking nearly related languages, clad in similar apparel, produce under the plane of civilization the sensation of endless repetitions in a series of graduated mir-

<sup>7</sup> *Ghost Lights of the West Highlands, Folklore Review, vol. viii.*

rors—even amongst these the fatalist survives. For him the invisible thread finer than gossamer and stronger than the chain which bound Prometheus to the rock, draws his body and soul to their eternal anchorage. To track the motive and action of the fatalist to his creed of destiny; to track the motive and action of the men of converse faith to their creed, is to hold the key to some of the most perplexing enigmas of human character and human life. The story of the Luck-Child—one of the widest spread *Märchen*—is no fable of fiction, but an article of faith. No single nationality monopolizes the doctrine of that “luck” as its particular product and invention, and the proverb which epitomizes the idea of such *contes*, “Give a man luck and throw him into the sea,” is an international dogma.

But so far as the data hitherto supplied avail, and where the omen is unaccompanied by subsequent actions of protective magic, we have generally little to differentiate the omen of fate from the omen of warning. The source of confusion lies, however, it may well prove, deeper than the diagnosis of research can fathom. Fatalist or non-fatalist, human nature persists in its inconsistencies of practice and belief. It is still from all ages the same in the instinctive refusal, despite all creeds, of its substrata of unconscious optimism to accept the necessitarian’s doom when that doom is adverse. The hand of man, whatever be his avowed belief, is for ever on the wheel of fortune, seeking to propel it into other grooves, to arrest its revolution when he conceives it to his interest that the sun should stand still, to precipitate its rotation when the lying alchemist To-morrow promises to change To-day’s base metal into gold.

Yet, if omens differ in root-character, there are features common to all. One such feature is their apportion-

ment to special events, and most to the initial episode of human life—birth. The actual birth-hour, according to the peasant’s faith, no doubt derived from the most ancient of all faiths, astrology, is momentous in the extreme. There are hours (the more involved calculations of astrologists concerning planetary influence are forgotten) propitious and unpropitious. The divisions of Time’s big clock are vari-colored from rose to black, and the first stain cast on the new-born child as he enters the temporal condition of existence abides with him to the end. And though few Folklore registers of times fortunate and unfortunate are at one in detail, the rudimental idea is identical. The portents betokening good or ill vary no less. A midnight child is infelicitous. A bright star over the roof predicts prosperity.\* Under a young moon a man-child is born, under a moon grown old a woman-child.\* Born when the tide ebbs, life bears within it the seed of failure;† beneath a waning moon life contracts at its start some germ of decadence. Moon and water—the moon in her phases, the water in its flow, themselves following the exigencies of invisible and remote law—between these and the human soul emergent from the unseen into the seen, some link of affinity abides. Or is it that the hidden hand which wanes the moon and ebbs the tide and fashions the birth at one and the same moment gives to each the same declining impetus, the same fading brightness, the same recessional weakness? And, passing from omens where time, the lights of heaven, and the movement of oceans play their part, we find all manner of trivial incidents denoted as presages. Human acts of intervention give to the soul, as to a half-poised ball, a permanent direction as it hangs in the precarious balance of the natal hour. Many are the rules and regula-

\* Brittany.    \* Vosges.

\*\* Scotland.

tions to be observed by the guardians of the birth-room and the child. Proscribed is the washing of the child's closed hand. Proscribed is the rocking of the empty cradle;<sup>11</sup> proscribed is its sale, its fashioning out of unlucky wood, its overstepping. Proscribed is the giving of fire from out the house of birth. Instances of such prohibitions can be indefinitely multiplied, and, trivial as they may seem, Folklore has taught us that, though to many the clue be wanting, behind the most trivial observance and the most frivolous precept there may lurk weighty meanings only, if ever, to be recovered by the careful preservation of these apparently unimportant minutiae. The more irrational the act inculcated the more interest indeed attends the investigation, the probability being it will lead into remoter tracks of unexplored regions. And howsoever the scientist may accept or reject these deductions, they show how the smallest hint of traditional observances may conduct by long trains of faint survivals to the creeds which culminated in such observances—show how the fragmentary indications of traditional rites may rotate on an unsuspected axis of ancient thought and primitive practice. The simple precaution still observed on the North-west coast of Scotland—probably in many other localities as well—of crossing the fire-irons over a baby's cradle, leads the investigator direct to the whole group of the Changeling Superstitions which far and wide has so firm a hold on the mind of the peasant that in story after story we see the astounding spectacle of a woman's natural instincts so far perverted as to preclude her recognition of her own child—with whose identity she might be assumed to be acquainted.<sup>12</sup> It likewise lands the investigator in surmises concerning the possible ascription to

dwarfed aboriginal races of the qualities of fairy, brownie and pixie, and the possible development of fairy tradition round actual pygmies, cave-dwellers, and hill-peoples of by-gone days, who may—once upon a time—have verily raided gipsy-wise upon the cradles of former house-abiders. While the use of metals, fire-irons or the common darning needle, for protection of child and man against fairy assaults, will lead to all manner of conjectures regarding ideas emanant from the remote mists of the Stone Age, when metal, in virtue of the occult powers accredited to it, may have served as a counter-charm to all malign influences.

And, to pass on from infancy to childhood, from the lore of the supernatural at the child's birth to the lore of such an everyday matter as the child's games, the Folklorist has new lessons to impart. In the doggerel rhymes of the playground he has detected the phrases of lost religions. Very curious are the collections of nursery rhymes, "formulettes d'éliminations," game rhymes, repetition formulas (Randonnées), and nonsense verses. For the counting-out rhymes, which no doubt present some of the most singular and puzzling features, we are told "that certain antiquarians claim dignity . . . as forming part of Druidical rites," of the truth of which statement, it is added, there is no direct evidence. The ring games to which such rhymes are attached are, however, allowed to represent the ancient process of divination by lot. A Teller, moving from east to west, applies to each player in turn a word or a phrase of the verses, while the last word, falling at random on one of the circle, stands for the Lot.

Ena, mena, bora mi;  
Kisca, lara, mora di;  
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,  
Stick, stock, stone, dead.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> This Breton prohibition has a Syrian counterpart. *Folklore Review*, vol. ix.

<sup>12</sup> *Science of Fairy Tales*, E. S. Hartland.  
<sup>13</sup> *English Folk Rhymes*. G. F. Northall, 1892.

is the example cited, in which one dauntless antiquarian has read "a veritable phrase of great antiquity . . . the excommunication of a human being preparatory to that victim's death." Equally curious, if we are to believe our instructors, are those formulas of "la jurisprudence de l'Enfance."<sup>14</sup> These contain, it is asserted, the vestiges of ancient rights and prerogatives—"C'est une sorte de 'folklore juridique,' basé parfois sur des débris d'un ancien droit,"<sup>15</sup> writes M. Chapiseau. We may presume that *Le Droit de Trouvaille* as administered in the playground is an instance in point. It is a subject on which the moral code of boyhood is explicit. "Finding" is "keeping," under given conditions. "Il est à moi" is the cry which constitutes right of possession, unless another counter-formula be opposed to that of the finder, in which case other formalities ensue to determine the rival claims. No less definitely fixed are the forms of oath-taking common among children; and this solemnity touches on even more primitive usages. "Lorsqu'un enfant veut donner sa parole," M. Sebillot recounts,<sup>16</sup> "il passe successivement sa langue sur chacun des doigts de sa main droit." "Another form of assurance [in Staffordshire]," Mr. Northall tells us "is to wet the forefinger, dry it again, and cross the throat." These, or some analogous actions, accompany varied word-formulas in many districts; while the act of linking the little fingers of their right hands<sup>17</sup> is another widely-spread ceremonial of contract or promise, with occasional resort—in the Vosges more especially—to the crossing or touching of iron or steel. Very serious, too, is the condemnation of the revoking of word or gift. "Donner et reprendre c'est pire que volé" is one proverb in use, and another enforces it with the intimation that the right of

possession is more completely transferred by gift than by sale. "Donné est pire que vendu" is a fraction of the school-child decalogue which has passed into the *dictions* of various districts. It is—if a survival—a surprising token of ancient rectitude.

Apart from such vestiges of the past conveyed by action and gesture, the "Rimes de l'Enfance" suggest little trace of remote antiquity. The almost boundless profanities of "L'Evangile de l'écolier," the "Alleluia's," Paternosters, and all the gross burlesques of things sacred may carry on mediæval tradition, but separated from the games to which they often belong, marriage, lot, marching and *rondes* games, neither the French verses, nor their English counterparts, convey any sense of long tradition. Both are much on a par, often idyllic in feeling and harmonious in sound. The game-rhyme,

Foulons, foulons, foulons l'herbe,  
Foulons l'herbe, elle reviendra:  
Passez par ici! et moi par là!

the refrain of a Beauce chanson,

J'étame, je lame,  
J'ourdille et je vanne,  
Je ferre, je frotte et je couds,  
Je garde mes moutons du loup:  
*Filant ma quenouillette,*  
*Disant ma chansonnette;*

or the gay child poem,

Prêtez-moi vos souliers gris,  
Pour aller dans le Paradis.  
Le Paradis est si joli  
Qu'on y voit les pigeons d'or  
Habillés comme une princesse,  
Cesse! Cesse!

give them at their best. They are but light floating colored feathers of songs blown from lips to lips by peasants and children in the clover-scented hay-fra-

<sup>14</sup> *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance.* Rolland.

<sup>15</sup> *Le Folklore de la Beauce et du Perche*, p. 52.

<sup>16</sup> *Les Traditions etc. de la Haute-Bretagne.*

<sup>17</sup> *Beauce et Perche, and English Folk Rhymes.*

grant country breeze, in playground, orchard, and field. English equivalents are not lacking. The Gloucestershire lullaby,

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
The cottage vale is deep:

the "Twelfth Night" King and Queen rhyme, reminiscent of days when the Fête des Rois had its befitting ceremonies,

Lavender's blue,  
Rosemary's green;  
When I am king  
You shall be queen.  
Who told you so?  
Who told you so?  
'Twas mine own heart  
That told me so,

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is  
so green,  
The fairest young lady that ever was  
seen.

I'll wash you in milk,  
And I'll clothe you in silk,  
And I'll write down your name with a  
gold pen and ink.

[Roses in and roses out, and roses in the  
garden:  
*I would not part with my sweetheart for  
twopence halfpenny farthing.*]<sup>15</sup>

are, with many another, touched with some latent grace of thought, some fairness of vision, some glamor of the eternal childhood whose dwelling-place, despite the Angel and the Sword, is still within the precincts of the garden of Eden.

And, to turn once more to some of the nonsense verses of France, is it an illusion to find an unmistakable anticipation of the intentional incoherencies of recent poets?

Ah, j'ai vu! j'ai vu!  
—Compère, qu'as-tu vu?  
—J'ai vu une grenouille  
Qui filait sa quenouille  
Au bord d'un fossé.

<sup>15</sup> This last couplet is not given by Mr. Northall, and belongs to Cambridgeshire. See Folklore Review, vol. x. p. 112.

Ah, j'ai vu! j'ai vu!  
—Compère, qu'as-tu vu?  
—J'ai vu une carpe  
Qui pincait de la harpe  
Au haut d'un clocher.

Adolescence leads into a new strata of Folk-lore. The games amongst peasant-folk continue, but one favorite game, the "choosing of partners" game, is transmuted from make-believe to actuality, and the "Lot" is cast in sober earnest. The record of primitive marriage customs forms a special section in the history of traditional rites, and Mr. Crawley has summarized the research of years in his treatise on the Mystic Rose. But as we read of the more modern survivals in peasant life of ancient observances, it must be confessed that few attributes of mysticism, few qualities of the flower of symbolism, whether figured as the fresh fairness of hedgerow blossom or as the fragrant beauty of the garden growth, are apparent to the eyes of the uninitiated reader. Fragrance and fairness alike are lost in the odors of the meats and drinks of boisterous feasting, and the color, such as it is, is the stain of wine. While the jests of marriage riots, jests possibly more conventional than spontaneous, advertise in their present use, not a wholesome simplicity of primitive speech and thought concerning the facts of natural life, but—the self consciousness of intention and purpose witnessing thereto—its total absence.<sup>16</sup> A more singular circumstance is that the haunting melancholy of the marriage songs of Eastern Europe is unknown in Western lands. There is no hint of the characteristic lamentation of Slav Bride-songs, lamentations at the severance from kin, at the forfeiture of freedom, common to Russian and Servian, where the cleaving of the heart is not to the new but to the old ties,

<sup>16</sup> To "La Mare au Diable," 1851, G. Sand appends a detailed account of a peasant wedding in Berry as witnessed by herself.

where the hearth of the bridegroom is an alien abode, and the hearth of the old home is the abiding place of the soul and the affections. Of such sentiment the general literature of Western Folklore scarcely preserves a trace. In its wedding rejoicings life is for once presented optimistically, and the sombre tinge pervading the totality of peasant superstition is overspread with gay colors. "Let him who will not dance leave the wedding" is a proverbial injunction.

With marriage, for the peasant, youth is at an end. Work, the labor of the fields or the labor of the sea, is the portion of the husband; work is likewise the portion, in the field and in the farmyard and in the home, of the woman. And on land and on sea, in daily contact with Nature's great elemental forces, the mind of the peasant finds new mysteries to solve and new powers to propitiate. Every occupation—the hunter's, the husbandman's, the herdsman's, the fisherman's—engendered its own cult. Odin and his dogs range through Teutonic forests; ghostly hounds enter abodes from which the phantom incomers may only find an exit directly opposite to their entrance, and on fateful nights housewives must leave no linen hanging without to be torn by the spectres who traverse the woodland road.

And as forest superstitions linger in the darknesses of giant beechgroves, so with the fishermen of Scotland, of Brittany and of many adjacent provinces, laws and customs innumerable are observed whose origins are lost to men's remembrance. Yet it is not either with the woodlander nor with those who, going down into deep waters, hear and see strange things unknown to landsmen, that Folklore exists in its most thought-compelling aspect. It is rather on the pages that

treat of the cultivators of earth's fruits and grains, of the plougher, the sower, the harvestfolk, that most readers will dwell longest. For if the agriculturist has escaped from the shadow-dreams of the forest and the mist-dreams of the sea, it has only been that he may read other dreams, less fantastic it may be but more profound in ultimate significance, into the earth whence all things spring, to which with fallen leaves and kernelless husks, he with all things will at length return.

To the husbandman Folklore has accorded a place in the world's history long reserved for the pastoral and hunting peoples. The assumption that "the hunting and pastoral stage of life is necessarily earlier in development than the agricultural" is a fruitful source of error, we are informed;<sup>20</sup> though Mr. Gomme allows that his converse theory is still unproven. But apart from theories the toilers of the ground set imagination most vitally in touch with the epochs vaguely designated prehistoric. With them the traditions of the past move in magic-lantern figures before our eyes. With them the fairy creed and its attendant ritual found its home, for the peasant "it is part of that antique religion of the soil which means so much more to him than our religions do to us because upon it—as he conceives—depends his and his children's sustenance."<sup>21</sup>

The antiquarian has his monuments wherewith he may image the past—Menhirs, Dolmens, Cromlechs, Megaliths of all names and species. But these stone riddles, hewn or unhewn, have suffered change; mutilated, disfigured, maybe displaced, who shall say that looking on their uncouth shapes and strange formations, either the eyes of the body or the eyes of the mind see what those who erected and up-

<sup>20</sup> Folklore Review. Presidential Address, L. Gomme, 1894.

<sup>21</sup> Folklore Review. Fairy Mythology of English Literature. Alfred Nutt, 1897.

reared them saw? Had they once some grotesque semblance of human features, giving rise as decades of generations lived and died, to the traditions which still cling to the Rollright Stones in Oxfordshire,<sup>22</sup> to the Dawnsmen of Cornwall, to the Stones of Carnac and Plouhinec, and to many another group on the heaths of Brittany, the Irish hillsides, and English plains. In legends the stones were once living men: a king and his army in one locality, Arthur and his knights in another, profane dancers in another. Nor are they even now wholly bereft of vitality. It may be at one time, it may be at another, according to local customs, the spell of centuries is suspended. On May morning, or at Christmas midnight, or on the mystic eve of St. John, the stones move. Some resume the long-suspended circular dance, others rush to river or sea or spring to quench the long thirst of the times of drought. And the "king-stone" moves his head when the elderbush is cut on Midsummer Eve, and the whispering knights—or the wind—have voices and speak withal in the silence of the darkness for those who will to hear. Were they rude stone images of God Thor, or of the King God Odin, or of Saxon Chrōðo, of whose "idol" Vestigan writes fluently, supplying moreover, an illustration of both pedestal and effigy most disconcerting to our conceptions of primitive Northern statuary! Rife are the theories of the learned. "Hypotheses are nets," wrote an apologist speculator, but in the matter of these strange and somewhat monstrous conundrums, they all land us at a locked door, and the stones—even the Whisperers—are very silent, and for us, though we walk abroad at Christmas midnights or rise betimes for the May dawn, their secret remains untold and their spell unbroken. They remain the embodiment of

a past beyond our reach, nor can the antiquarian conjure their image in the past from their ruins of to-day.

With the Earthlore, its traditions and legends, it is in part otherwise. We may misunderstand, we may misinterpret, but that which was seen we also see. Time may change, somewhat, the earth surface, streams shift their channels, and seas recede; yet there will be a residue Time cannot change. Some things remain as men, the firstborn, found them. In Spring, summer, autumn, winter, with us as with them, seeds break their prison-house, buds shoot, leaves unfold, flowers blossom, fruits red, purple and yellow, grains white and gold, ripen and fall, and the snow-shroud wraps the hills and mantles the fields. And all these things are as they were in the mystery of the beginnings of seasons and growths. The prehistoric bud and the prehistoric blossom was as to-day it is and as to-morrow verily it shall be. Iggdrasil we—with no uncertain imagery, though it may be rashly—picture to ourselves gray-barked, smooth-stemmed, its leaves of uneven number. Or, since the even-leaved ash has immemorially been the counterpart, blessing and blessed, of the four-leaved trefoil, since, whether "tied with red thread, to keep the witches from their dred [sic]"—since, whether placed in stall and byre or over the house-door, it has averted ill from man and beast, or, cleft in twain, has healed sick children passed through its cloven bark,<sup>23</sup> we may possibly divine that of such even-numbered leaves was the foliage of the Root Tree of the world. Nor has that other tree, dear to Folklore, the Elder, changed its hue since it took to itself the occult qualities superstition still ascribes to it. Its sinuous boughs, its baldachin of cloud-white blossoms, its red-black fruit-berries, in which lie the

<sup>22</sup> The Rollright Stones and their Folklore. A. J. Evans, M.A., F.S.A.; vol. vi. *Folklore Review*.

<sup>23</sup> *Medical Superstitions*, Pettigrew, p. 75.

juices of that sweet wine, well known to country-folk, where fire and sleep meet, all wear the same aspect they wore of old when men saw in the tree, born of blood, a goddess-mother. "Lady Elder," the kneeling woodsman cries before he strikes, "give me of thy wood and I will give thee of mine when it grows in the forest."<sup>22</sup> From its wounds blood flows, and in the dusk of northern climes the tree itself moves from place to place in the thicket. Irish legend transmutes its influence from good to evil, there it is the Unholy. Elsewhere it is a tree of witchcraft and no cradle may be fashioned of its wood. So with Herb Mistletoe, as in the Twilight of the Gods so now is it of all land-growthes the likest to a weed of the sea. An outcast from Christian churches,<sup>23</sup> is it excommunicate from its association with Druidical sacrifice, when under the crescent moon white-vested priests cut its pale-green boughs and pearl-like berries, for open-forest altars? Or is it that the reproach of Baldur's slaying has haunted it through the ages and followed it across the seas? Is it still stained with the blood-stain of that plant from whose wood was shapen the death arrow shot by the blind marksman at the White God, the God-Beautiful of Scandinavian mythology, Baldur the Beloved, whom Loki by treachery slew? And do the generations who know not Baldur, to this day Christmas by Christmas, as the "White Christ's" church is decked with holly and laurel and ivy, as the *crèche* of Catholic custom is wreathed and bowered with evergreens, recall unwitting the wounding of the god who sleeps, sleeps sound, in the mystic Hades, the island of Golden Brome?

All the innumerable observances which signalize the incoming of spring, point back with phantom hands to the

<sup>22</sup> Saxony.

<sup>23</sup> Exceptions occur in Staffordshire and some other places, but Brand states, "it never entered a church save by mistake or ignorance."

past. And still the vision is of no unfamiliar aspect. The thorn, blackthorn with its leafless blossoming—a death-omen brought within doors—hawthorn with its snake-twisted stems and bee-sought flowers, awaken each year remembrance of a time when the wonder of Spring's returning came to primitive men with a continual surprise unblunted by the recurrence of chronicled seasons of springs. On May Day the dim atmosphere of pagan sanctities and pagan fears still clings like a ghost-mist to the very soil, to the primrose-starred woods and the fields of cowslips, and to the barren hills where in the Isle of Man omens are sought in the dimness of the first dawn-light by eager watchers.<sup>24</sup> In the dews of the May sunrise are latent virtues estranged from the dews of common days. May-gifts, and in especial the always significant gift of fire, have their peril, and subject the giver to the sway of wandering and besetting powers. Far and wide in such fashion May teaches its *Rose* (Dew) *Croix* (Light) mysteries. And the Maypole itself, garlanded and festooned, is but another signpost betokening that the road beneath our feet was trodden by other Maykeepers whose symbols are now but relics, their sense forgotten and out of mind. Heathendom is with us still, it walks *incognito*, but the domino is threadbare which masks its features.

And when summer follows harvest; when haunted midsummer nights evoke dreams of disused rites and of obliterated worships, visions are ours of fauns and saytrs, whom Nash truly parallels with the elves and fairies of Elizabethan dramas.<sup>25</sup> Memories of Dionysus and all his train, the Dionysus of oldest conception, "who was a divinity of growth vegetable and ani-

<sup>24</sup> Vol. viii. Folklore Review.

<sup>25</sup> Presidential Address, Alfred Nutt, 1897.

mal, worshipped, placated and strengthened for his task (the material welfare of mankind depending thereon) by ritual sacrifices," are still perpetuated in Celtic agricultural ritual, and in the fairydom which is, from one point of view, the relic of an extinct mythology. Every year, every day, observances dwindle and customs decline. Yet the sentiment—and here it is with sentiment alone we are concerned—lingers, a voice, the echo of an echo, sounding faintly from the dying notes of a funeral bugle blown over the graves of gods. On St. John's Night the fires of ancient midnight celebration have grown cold on many a hillside where, some few decades ago, they were wont to blaze—albeit neither in honor of John nor of John's Master.<sup>22</sup> No frightened cattle, or but a few, and those hiddenly, are driven amid the cries and shouts of crowding peasant through the fiery ordeal which shall ensure the year's prosperity: a remnant-rite, maybe, of propitiatory sacrifices offered to gods to us unknown. But in the summer fields—fields of corn and maize and barley—we may, as men who seeing see dimly, trace strange footprints of lost thoughts printed upon the ground. For the observances of harvest, howsoever obscured in intention, still outwardly, and to an appreciable extent, survive. In Scotch Highlands, as on the plains of Silesia and the cultivated tracts of France, the rites of the "last sheaf" hold their own. True, rite with rite does not tally. But underlying all variance is the same hint of an attributed personality in the robed and crowned effigy, the singular scarecrow figure, into which the last cut blades are interwoven. The Cailleach Bhuana of the Celt, the Kern-Baby of northern England, the Baba of Prussian reapers, with their grotesque semblance of humanity, link themselves fantastically

with other figures of far-removed conceptions: with the thought of the great Corn-Mothers of old; with goddesses of cereal and of furrow; with symbolic deities of the generation of life and its fertilization; with Ceres, possibly, as elder commentators were accustomed to indicate, but surely, too, with those dimmer, vaster gods to whom Ceres with her Olympian companions and her compatriots of Greek mysteries were, as the age of the world counts years, but late-comers. So the husbandman's eyes are ever turned to earth, the secret-keeper of birth and of death, the womb and the tomb of all things living. To her by right he belongs, and to those gods of nature, or further back to the nature-gods, believed in, worshipped, and feared when the dividing line between the human and what is not human, between the animate and what is called the inanimate, was a barrier men's imagination displaced at will.<sup>23</sup>

Thus the husbandman goes about his labors in Folklore record. And as he goes, days pass and age overtakes him, and the picture shows new slides. Calamities fall on him, maladies overtake him, his feet are set upon the road which in Gaelic phrase leads to "the other side." Life is changed from an anticipation to a remembrance. But in age, in misfortune, in sickness, his thoughts are still the lineal descendants of the thoughts of bygone ages, and the mirror of Folklore still reflects dead years. Waters of healing wait—as the Pool of Bethesda—for the coming of the blind, the lame, the stricken and the sick. Wells and springs flow with occult virtues, though the spirit of their fount is forgotten or bears a new name. Ugly enough (whether they are to be interpreted as mediums for the transference of disease, or as mere representative offerings of the garment and the

<sup>22</sup> *La Magie, etc.*, A. Maury. Notes p. 164. Paris, 1860.

<sup>23</sup> Presidential Address, 1895. Vol. vi. p. 70.

wearer of the garment) are these remnants of belief, traceable to one knows not what elemental faiths. Tree and water are alike defaced; the torn and stained fragments of human vesture deface the branches of the thorn-bush; crooked pins, rusted buttons, valueless coins, degenerate votive gifts of human clients, defile the water where mystic deities sometime, somewhere, may have enjoined sacrifice of things more precious than pin or coin or bead. A Tree fair as Sakaki,<sup>26</sup> the Tree of the Gods, hung with brocades such as the sons of the East weave, may have been one of the many prototypes of the sorry Ragbush of to-day standing beside such fountains of faith and of magic. Yet if by these lonely pools, sought with silence of lips, with feet which move with the sun's circuit, with eyes which must never look back, life animate has infected life inanimate with its refuse of rag and rust, seen from another standpoint these abortions of anterior creeds bear an aspect which discounts ugliness and sets it at naught. Each rag symbolizes a malady, each bead a human infirmity, and both rag and bead testify aloud that they who suffered and they who desired were not as men without hope. And surely if the miracle-water wrought no cure, faith works for multitudes—blind, sick, maimed, and heart-broken—where the Water and the Tree yet claim their pilgrims, its every-day wonders of kind compassion. "Imagination," says Bacon, "is next akin to miracle—a working faith."

Then when neither faith nor any other remedy can stay the inevitable close; when for one actor after another the curtain falls and the lights are extinct, other ceremonies, outcome of loves and faiths that lie at the very root of men's hearts, fill the scene. Funeral rites—as marriage observances

—form a separate record, standing somewhat apart from all others. But one thought is pre-eminent as we turn the page. To the primitive imagination death was not finality. "Les morts sont bien morts," says the proverb; but it speaks in vain, the dead survive death. They feed on the spiritual essence of the food laid out for their repast; they ride the souls of slain horses and hunt with soul-packs of phantom hounds. In excavations made at Wood-yates,<sup>27</sup> the bowls found in the tombs were, we are told, probably broken that the soul of the clay vessel might accompany the soul of the vessel of clay. Nor is the idea extinct; for on a grave many centuries newer than those poor graves whose contents have been exposed for all who will to see, lay crocks broken as it were but yesterday. "My old man he set a vast store by yon mug and jug," explained the Lincolnshire widow of the dead man. "And when thur ghoasts gets over yon side he'll cry out: 'Yon's mine, hand them over to me.'"<sup>28</sup> Thus the dead are pictured. They feel, they know, they love, they hate. They have eyes and see, ears and hear, and they have needs, many needs and great, which customs—whether they be customs significant of fear or of veneration, whether they imply a survival of ancestor worship or a residue of demonology—recognize and define.

With the dead, human life, as we trace it from the room of birth to the playground, through the pursuits and occupations of manhood, and under the shadowy avenue of later years, comes to an end. For the Celt the dead "lies under the turf of Truth." His sins, as in the Welsh rite, are laid on that singular scapegoat, the Sin-Eater; or his virtues, according to Bavarian observances, may be conveyed to the survivors who partake of the cakes leav-

<sup>26</sup> *Ideals of the East*, page 26. Kakazu Okamura.

<sup>27</sup> *Folklore Review*, vol. iv.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.* vol. ix. *Miscellanies*.

ened on the bier. Concerning his future—save when he revisits or lingers about his ancient dwelling-place—pre-Christianized Folklore appears to have little intelligence. And though we catch glimpses of "other-worlds"—the Happy Other-world of Irish vision, and with it of various abodes, under ground, under sea, Asgards of gods and heroes, realms of fairies and islands of bliss where the living dead abide—regions "accepted and modified by Christian eschatology,"<sup>73</sup> we feel that, perhaps by force of association with written literary tradition, we are here adrift from the simpler Folklore of the peasant world.

Thus to summarize the toil of years in one brief bird's-eye sketch is only to approach the outer fringe of all that has been attempted and achieved. It

is to leave almost everything unsaid of what we lay-readers owe to labors which have been labors of love no less than of skill, learning, and zeal. It is to leave untouched many questions of engrossing interest, and, above all, the explanations Folklore offers of "the wild and grotesque elements in Greek, Vedic, and other mythologies as survivals of the lower culture out of which Greek and Hindu emerged,"<sup>74</sup> and of the evidences it affords "that Buddhism, Mahommedanism, and Christianity have each incorporated into their ritual—aye, into their belief—something from the older beliefs of peoples whom they have converted."<sup>75</sup> But even so inadequate a survey may suffice to indicate the truth and precision of the axiom Folklorists aptly quote, "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

*Edinburgh Review.*

### "J A N T J E ."

"Pouf!" said Gert de Jaegar contemptuously, "you are only a girl, Jantje, a cry-baby. What can you ever do to help our Pa and Ma?"—a little Boer boy always talks of his parents as "Pa and Ma."

Jantje drew herself up, a funny squat little figure in a shapeless blue print frock, and a big black kapje. "I am seven years old; I am not a cry-baby," she replied, tears trembling on her long fair lashes, and sounding in the quiver of her childish voice.

"Ja," scoffed Gert, whose name is pronounced by no means as it is spelt; any right-minded person seeing G-E-R-T would pronounce it so, but in Boer-land they call it HHEERRRT. "Ja," said Gert, "a big age, seven years;" and he wagged his head back-

wards and forwards, while his big black eyes danced and snapped with delight. Nothing pleased him more than to make Jantje cry and then taunt her with being a baby. But Jantje pulled herself together with an immense effort, and walked away down the red dusty road towards the little farm which peeped out from the kopjes and mimosa trees.

All this happened a long time ago, before there was any war, and when the Boer farmers just lived peacefully on their farms, and grew mealies, and melons, and pumpkins, and Kaffir corn: they were quite ignorant and quite happy.

Gert's and Jantje's father was a poor man, but he owned a few good cows and enough oxen to pull his wagon into

<sup>73</sup> Folklore Review, vol. vii., Art. York Powell on "The Irish Vision," A. Nutt.

<sup>74</sup> Presidential Address, E. Clodd.

<sup>75</sup> Presidential Address, G. L. Gomme.

the tiny town of Boshof, which lay fifteen miles away, where he sold his mealies or pumpkins, and a little butter if the cows gave enough milk for his wife to make it.

Jantje was the proud possessor of a cow, a beautiful dun-colored, soft-eyed creature, who was her continual joy and pride, and Gert's envy. She would follow Jantje like a dog, anywhere, and stand still as a statue while she milked her.

That night as the children sat down with their parents to their frugal meal of coffee and rusks, a tall man slouched up to the door, and leaning over the lower half of it, which is generally kept shut in Boer houses to keep out snakes, nodded civilly.

"Have you heard?" he said.

Instinctively Nicholas de Jaegar and his fat little wife rose from the table, their faces paling underneath the tan.

"Ja," said the man, nodding his head slowly, "the rinderpest has come; old Oom Jacob has six cows very bad, and mine are sickening already."

To people who are not farmers in Africa, how little that word conveys! but to those poor people it meant many things, ruin, starvation, loss of everything they most valued. The ready tears welled into Jantje's eyes, but the three older people stood silent and looked out across the moonlit veldt, to where miles away a solitary light twinkled, marking the homestead where Oom Jacob lived, scarcely five miles distant, so near—so near.

"The Government offer five pounds a head to compensate us, if we have our cattle shot when they first show signs of the sickness," went on the tall man. "Two of mine sickened to-day; they are worth fifteen pounds each—I shall get five if I have them shot."

He drew his big hand across his eyes and went on heavily: "My wife is still very sick, and the baby is young—they gave good milk, those cows."

Nicholas and his wife nodded in silent sympathy.

"Will my Hessie get the rinderpest too, Pa?" cried little Jantje.

"Maybe yes, maybe no, my girl, 'tis as the Lord wills," was the answer. And she crept away to the kraal where Hessie stood softly chewing her cud in the moonlight. The little girl laid her head against the cow's sleek side and cried silently. She had learned, even at her age, to stifle her childish sobs for fear of Gert's taunts.

Hessie caught a bit of her print pinafore and chewed it playfully, then rubbed her soft nose into Jantje's hands, seeking for the bit of coarse brown bread which the child usually saved from her supper for her.

One of the oxen in a neighboring kraal was making a piteous moaning noise, and Jantje stuffed her fingers into her ears as she ran back to the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, and for many weeks following, Gert and Jantje went about with sober little faces, and Gert did not once taunt his small sister with being a coward or a cry-baby. Nicholas de Jaeger, with the quiet of utter despair in his looks, worked through the long days, in a vain attempt to stem the disease, but his farm was not large enough for isolation and it spread rapidly among the cattle. Hessie was kept in a shed by herself, but even she at last fell a victim, and stood with hanging head and a piteous look of suffering in her liquid eyes.

One very warm day when the mimosa trees were a mass of golden bloom, and the cicadas kept up a shrill incessant piping, Jantje and Gert, sitting listless and quiet on the top of an old kraal wall, saw a policeman ride up to the house. Thankful for any change in the miserable monotony of those sunshiny days, filled with gloom, they half

scrambled, half fell off the high wall and fled down to the house. The man merely inquired for their father, and on being told he was down at the kraal with the sick cattle, handed Gert a blue paper. After watching him mount and ride away, the children went miserably into the house, for even to their childish minds the blue paper spoke for itself. Only yesterday they had heard Nicholas and old Oom Jacob speak of it and what its coming meant to them; it was the proclamation announcing that in the event of infected cattle being shot by their owner, he would receive five pounds per head in compensation. Jantje thought of Hessie, and forgetting Gert, sobbed bitterly.

"Och, you can never do anything but cry," he said contemptuously, and walked away. Nicholas shook his head sadly over the blue paper when he came in.

"Sixty cattle sick," he said. "That means three hundred pounds—and they are worth a thousand."

After his dinner he went out to the little stable. Jantje followed him and stood while he saddled his gray mare; he avoided her round childish eyes, and when she questioned him he answered laconically—

"I am going to ride."

"Where to, Pa?"

"To Boshof," he said at last.

Jantje's little fingers twisted in and out of one another nervously.

"For what, Pa?"

"To tell the man to come over and shoot the sick cattle," he answered grimly, and waited for a burst of sobbing.

Jantje rubbed her hand across her heavy tear-stained eyes, and shut her little red mouth to stay its pitiful quivering.

"Hessie, too?" she questioned.

"Yes—yes, all the sick cows; if she is sick she must be shot." For all his

gusty anger he still avoided her eyes. Jantje turned and went out into the glaring sunlight, her fingers twisting unceasingly. Across the mealie field she went, to where the big dam lay, its yellow water glistening in tiny ripples, and creeping into the shade of a huge old thorn tree, flung herself face downwards in the red sand and lay still. To her mother's shrill call she gave no answer, and when Gert, knowing her favorite spot when anything hurt or offended her, came and tried to lift her up, she bit at him fiercely, whereupon he left her, nursing his teeth-marked hand and his wrath.

The supper that night was eaten in silence, but before he rose to get the heavy Bible out of which he read a chapter every evening, Nicholas said jerkily:

"I have told the man to come to-morrow."

His wife sighed heavily, and Gert blinked very hard at the shabby old lamp, but Jantje sat with a look of stolid indifference on her round freckled face, and stared abstractedly at her fat forefinger.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning every one was astir very early, but Jantje earliest of all. Long before dawn she crept out of her little cartel bed, and seizing her *veldtschoens*, which are the only things Boer children take off when they go to bed, she ran down to the kraal where Hessie was with the other cows. In the far corner she stood, making the peculiar moaning sound in her breathing that all cattle do when afflicted with the deadly plague.

Jantje climbed the wall and fastening a rope round Hessie's neck led her to the gate. With laborious care she lifted the thick bars (cut from young gum trees) out of the iron rings which held them in position, and so consti-

tuted an immensely strong gate. Once outside this and the bars replaced, with many loving words uttered in Dutch, she coaxed the poor weak animal across the sluit and up a small kopje behind the house. Almost at the top a new difficulty beset her, for Hessie suddenly stood still. Not all the coaxing words uttered in Jantje's little voice, quivering with anxiety, nor her small loving hands could move the poor thing, and she looked at her little mistress as if to say, "I have done all I could."

"I know," said Jantje, in answer to the speaking eyes. "But you must try, my Hessichen—you must."

Alas! Hessie stood with hanging head. Jantje thought very hard for a minute, and then plumped down with her bare fat little legs on the stony path and prayed.

"Please, Lord, make my sick cow come with me, and make her well soon."

The sun just rising above the pale rose and gold of his canopy flung loving rays across the little figure, and the birds, suddenly awake to his coming, broke into soft twittering. Sure of success, Jantje got up with fresh vigor, and pulled gently, but still Hessie was obdurate.

At the farmhouse below some one was stirring—Jantje held her breath, but it was only sleepy Katrina, the Hottentot maid, preparing the early coffee.

Jantje thought of the hot sugary stuff she had every morning with a regretful sigh. The next time she pulled the rope Hessie followed with dragging faltering feet, and so, step by step, she was enticed on till Jantje reached her desired haven. Breathless and exhausted, the little girl flung herself down to rest. About three miles from Nicholas de Jaegar's house stood a large isolated kopje, and half-way up it was an old tumble-down house; it had in its palmy days been a place of call

between Kimberley and Boshof, in the words of the country a "half-way-house"; just in front of it three huge skeleton gum trees stood like sentinels.

It had been kept by an Englishman called Trevor and his pretty Dutch wife, and they prospered and grew rich. But one day two farmers calling at the place for a drink came upon the body of pretty cheery Sannie Trevor with a bullet wound in her soft throat, and a few yards off a big fair man lay, shot through the head. Shaking with fear and horror they went into the house to find George Trevor quietly and openly cleaning a pistol. In silence the two men stood and waited, and Trevor cleaned his weapon. Presently he put it down very carefully, then raising his light eyes he looked at the two men. "Yes?" he said, and gradually his eyelids narrowed until only a savage gleam of pale gray showed between them. Under his steady look their eyes wavered, and they went out, as they had come, in silence.

That night an awful storm broke over the country. In the morning the three tall trees stood blasted and seared, and in the ruined house lay not two, but three corpses, for so did the doom of the third fall, meted out by the Deity who has said: "Vengeance is Mine."

In those days many things happened, and those who were wise kept silence, if, by chance, they knew of them. So the house fell into disuse and was said to be "spook-ridden." The trading farmers took to going another way; so that nothing disturbed the peace of the place, but a few great loathsome vultures and the rock-rabbits.

In one of the partially-roofed rooms, Jantje tethered her cow to an old wooden seat. She then proceeded to unearth a bag of forage, and a smaller one of rusks and billtong, which she had smuggled up the day before.

Towards mid-day the sound of shots on the clear air made her shiver and cry.

As the early dusk fell, and she had for company only poor moaning Hessie and the weird sounds of the veldt, the child's agony of terror was unspeakable.

The third night a strange flutter of huge wings in the room where Hessie was, startled her from a light sleep. Creeping to the doorway she saw in the white moonlight a sight which made her shiver and turn sick with fright: on a worm-eaten beam above sat a huge vulture, its fierce greedy eyes fixed on the poor trembling animal beneath it, while the air seemed filled with a loathly smell.

Almost blind with fear, Jantje seized a stone and flung it with all her childish strength at the bird. Uttering a hoarse croak it rose a few feet, only to settle again on the beam. Jantje threw another stone which struck the bird's wing with a thud; with an angry cry it swooped off the beam, and down, as it seemed to the frightened child, right on to her. Screaming wildly and striking the air with both poor little hands, she fell, a small senseless heap on the dusty floor.

When she opened her eyes again the dreadful night had passed and dawn was stretching cool lovely arms over the dreaming veldt. To Jantje's intense joy Hessie ate a little food of her own free will that day and the terrible moaning had ceased. Evening brought all the old terrors, and through the long night the child sat with every sense on the alert to catch the first gleam of fierce yellow eyes, or the flutter of clumsy wings. None came, and at dawn she fell asleep, only to be awakened by Hessie poking her soft nose into her hand.

Meanwhile Nicholas and the neighboring farmers had scoured the surrounding country, and had dragged the

three great dams, in search of his little daughter.

Beside this last great trouble the rinderpest seemed of little account. Some one suggested searching at the three gum trees, but little Gert shook his head; "It is spook-riden, and Jantje is only a girl and afraid," he said. With a nod the superstitious Dutchmen agreed. No grown man would venture to that desolate spot, much less a little child.

The following Sunday dawned like an opal, full of the shimmer of golden sunshine and gleaming silver grass, of blue and rose and amethyst on the shadowy hills. As Nicholas with trembling voice was reading out the 23rd Psalm after breakfast, a weak weary little girl, in a draggled print dress, leading a still more weak and weary cow, struggled up to the door and sat down limply on the step.

"Please, Pa, the Lord has made my Hessie better, and—oh," cried Jantje, as the smell of hot coffee and bread warm from the oven assailed her famished nostrils, "I am hungry—hungry!"

Because she was so dear to them and they had feared her dead, de Jaegar uttered no word of blame, but took the tired little figure into his great arms, and fed her with loving care, till gradually her little face grew less haggard, and her eyes lost the terrible look of strain and fear.

Gert, after hearing her story, went out and gave Hessie the best food he could find.

Presently a clean Jantje, in her Sunday frock of bright magenta cashmere, her little face shining with soap and happiness, came up to the kraal.

Gert turned his back, and, with the toe of his *veldtschoen*, made a round hole in the sand.

"Gert," said Jantje.

"Yes," answered Gert.

"I am not a baby now?" There was

still the old childish quiver in her voice. Gert suddenly tumbled off his high horse of superior sex and courage.

Temple Bar.

"You are much braver and cleverer than me," he said.

And so Jantje's rule was established.

*Paulina Coetzee.*

### ALFRED AINGER.

About the middle of last Michaelmas term the Master of the Temple paid to us at Cambridge what we then little thought would prove a farewell visit. Its immediate occasion was the delivery at Newnham of one of those detached lectures in which he excelled,—his subject being the *Lyrical Ballads* (one of the landmarks so to speak of his literary faith) whose origin and growth he had some thirteen years ago traced in a paper, masterly in its way, contributed by him to the volumes of this magazine. I could not attend the lecture, but we had some talk before and after his discourse on topics connected with its theme, and there was no cankering rust to be noticed on his usual brightness of mind. The serious illness from which he had not many months before recovered had, to be sure, left certain physical traces; and he incidentally spoke of the necessity of sooner or later relinquishing part of his clerical work. But he seemed in the main quite himself during the brief period of his stay; and once more I enjoyed the delight of living with him for a day or two, as we had

lived full many a year.  
So well, I cannot tell how.

Almost immediately, however, after his return to town, we heard of the peremptory advice which imposed upon him complete rest as the only possible preventive of a danger previously at the most half-suspected. We continued to hope for the best, though "our fears our hopes belied." We heard that at

Christmas-time he entered not once, but twice, the historic sanctuary from which his name will never be dissociated, and that once he even ministered at its altar. Not long afterwards we were gladdened by the news that the loving care of those to whom he owed the chief happiness of his later years was tending him in that second home in the Midlands which had become so dear to him. Alas, it was here that, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid to rest during the February storms. One or two of us remain who knew and loved him already in that brief May-term of life into which it is not very easy even for those surrounded by the movement and aspirations of youth to dream themselves back again,—one or two who remember him, fragile and eager as he continued to the last, but before his locks were in "silver slips," and before an always innocent exuberance had to accept restraints which an inborn tact prevented from seeming unnatural. And I suppose it is because I happen to be one of those few that I find myself trying to put on paper something of what I know, or remember, of Alfred Ainger. My hand is, in some ways at least, too stiff or too tired to perform such a task with adequacy; but I cannot quite bring myself to forego the opportunity of seeking to express the sense of his rare gifts, and of what, notwithstanding many hindrances, he accomplished with them, which has had its part in the affection I have borne him since we were young together.

Of Ainger's early days we never heard very much. That his family was of French descent was in his case, as in Garrick's, almost proved by his personality without any need of appealing to the evidence of name; and when two Spitalfields weavers who shared it with him came all the way to Hampstead to appeal to their joint Huguenot ancestry, he readily owned the obvious impeachment. His mother he lost when he was quite young; from his father, an architect who attained to professional reputation, he had a few good stories showing that there was an element of heredity in his humor. I think that he shared this gift, and his love of literature, with the sister by whose side he had been brought up, and of whom he must have thought when picturing Charles and Mary Lamb over their *Tales from Shakespeare*. The earlier part of his school education Ainger received at a private school in Maida Vale, kept by Dr. King and his daughter Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Menzies). I cannot say whether it was under their sympathetic guidance, or even earlier, that he became familiar with that standard anthology of *Elegant Extracts* which he was so fond of praising, though later generations lift eyebrows at the name; but it was certainly under the influence of these excellent teachers, as he often told me, that he acquired that habit of constant resort to the best literature by which the lives of men and women are ennobled more surely than by the accidents of birth and state. More than one well-known man of letters sent their sons to this preparatory school; and as it happened, one of Ainger's fellow-pupils was the eldest son of Charles Dickens. It was thus that the boy was brought into the most delightful personal contact with the great author,—in some ways almost equally “inimitable” as an actor and a stage-manager—and became a votary of his

genius for life. And it was thus also that there was awakened in him that love of the stage which is not to be shaken off when it has once taken hold of a responsive nature like his. The period of our *Historia Histrionica* with which the days of our youth coincided was one in which the English stage was rich with many varieties of humor, some of them original in the highest degree, others most subtly compounded. How marvellously Ainger could reproduce the essential qualities of all,—the innocent drollery of Keeley, the unctuous fun of Buckstone, the dry twinkle of Compton, Alfred Wigan's delicate refinement, Charles Mathews's sublime imperturbability, and Robson's hurricane of grotesque passion! Tragedians, too, of whom Charles Kean was then the chief, were among the puppets in his bag. Nothing could have been more extraordinary than Ainger's mimetic power, which took a far wider range than the imitation of particular parts or persons, and which in later days made listeners to his readings know that they were in the company of The O'Mulligan, or of Sludge the Medium, or of Sir John Falstaff himself. Ainger remained a friend of the stage to the very last,—but not of all that he found, or rather that he left unsought, there. His eclecticism was by no means illiberal, but it was unmistakable in its decisiveness, and he shrank from what was meretricious as instinctively as he shunned what was coarse. From school Ainger went on to King's College, where consciously or unconsciously he was to become subject to new influences. His studentship at King's fell in a time to which he must have looked back with a painful interest after he had to enter more deeply than we can suppose him to have done at college into the theological teaching of Frederick Denison Maurice, who about this time was subjected to an in-

quisitional process with a highly arbitrary ending. Though Ainger was no theologian by disposition and not very much of one in after days by habit, his mind was singularly well adapted for assimilating to itself what was both broadest and deepest in the principles of this potent religious teacher; nor can there be any doubt whatever as to the degree in which both his indignation and his sympathy were stirred by the proceedings that "turned good Professor Maurice out."

When in 1856 Ainger entered at Trinity Hall, he seems to have had some thoughts of the Bar, and he certainly read law with a tutor, now one of the veterans of the University. But his physical strength was wholly unequal to any such career, and though he obtained a scholarship at his college, he could not have kept up the effort requisite for distinction in a *Tripos*, any more than he could have striven for success in the sports of the field or the river. Thus the chief interests of his life still centred in his love of pure literature. Nor was fate unkind to him in his choice of a college, even from this point of view, apart from the congenial preferments of which his connection with it was in one sense the final cause. Trinity Hall was then already under the guidance of a tutor justly famed for his knowledge of men, but deep down in whose nature there also abode a genuine love of the best books. Ainger, who in later days was frequently Dr. Henry Latham's guest at his Lodge or in his country-house off the Trumpington Road, loved and revered him to the last, and when I fetched him away from Southacre shortly before the Master's death, he was full of praises of the octogenarian's wit and wisdom. At Trinity Hall, too, another fellow was then in residence, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished citizens of the world of letters which is at this time mourning

his loss. Sir Leslie Stephen's *Life of Fawcett* gives an incomparable picture of the Trinity Hall of those days, and Fawcett, though not himself of a literary turn, delighted in Ainger, and when the great calamity of his brave life befell him, found something better than a diversion in the reading of his silver-voiced younger friend. Fawcett had probably first made his acquaintance through another fellow of the college, the George Atkinson who during the whole of Ainger's life remained one of the staunchest and most intimate of his friends. Among his fellow-under-graduates at Trinity Hall were our common friend Mowbray Donne, who has inherited from his gifted father, not to speak of remoter ancestors, a vein of true literary feeling, and another life-long friend of Ainger's, Horace Smith, "the man who wrote the *Sirens*," a charming poet as well as a genuine wit. And the periphrasis reminds me that it must have been the launching of one of those university magazines, which, to quote Ainger's own words, in each successive generation of undergraduates "come like shadows and in a year or two depart," which first brought us together. This particular enterprise was conducted to a premature end by the fearless Hawells,—fearless even before the satire of the author of *The Bear*, in comparison with which all academic wit of later generations has for his contemporaries an unaccountable insipidity. But Ainger was at no time of his life, not even in adolescence, particularly fond of rushing into print; and it was the love of reading rather than of writing that brought us together in our rooms or in our walks, or in the hospitable drawing-room of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, of whom, and of whose whole family, Ainger became and remained the cherished friend.

In the Lent term of 1860 Ainger took his degree. He had by this time en-

tirely given up the notion of the Bar, and he certainly never thought (fewer young men ran the always serious risk then than now) of making a profession of literature. He may have lacked certain powers which would have been necessary for the purpose; but had it been otherwise, he was not one who mistook facility of expression for gift of style, or who looked upon style itself as independent of the matter which nourishes it. This was a characteristic very notable in a writer whom it is usual, and certainly just, to extol for the charm of his style, but who very rarely wrote unless he had something to say, and rarely failed to think of what this something was before he thought how he would say it. Many a time have I heard him descant in private as well as in public on the simple but much neglected principle implied in this practice: *materia alit.* In his delightful paper on Nether Stowey there is an admirable passage developing the truth "that all true eloquence is inherent in the thought expressed"; and in one of his latest public deliverances at Bristol,—the lecture on *Poetae mediocres*, which conceals some very pointed teaching beneath its playfulness—he does not shrink from applying a test which so many of the tribe and its followers are wont to spurn as unspeakably commonplace, but which in point of fact is the cardinal test of the highest criticism: "Is the thing said by the new poet in itself worth saying?"

Before the end of 1860 Ainger was ordained, and immediately entered upon a curacy, which he held for four years, at Alrewas, near Lichfield, under the Rev. R. K. Haslehurst, the brother-in-law of the Fellow of Trinity Hall to whose friendship for him I have already made reference.<sup>1</sup> He could not but come to recognize here before long

that the work of a country clergyman was not a sphere of activity for which he was naturally fitted. Already his sermons as a curate were too finely touched for the ears to which they were addressed; and though he could not fail, with something of Crabbe's insight, to be aware of both the pathetic and the humorous sides of the rustic life around him, he saw more quickly than Crabbe that he was not likely to influence it effectively. I much doubt whether parochial work of any kind would have really suited him, though at a later date he took a step in this direction, which he quickly retraced. Perhaps a London parish might have fitted him better than any other, being, as he was, a Londoner by birth and breeding, and never altogether content out of town. For the same reason, he was never a great traveller, though I have spent pleasant days with him both in Florence, in the company of the younger Macmillans, and at Paris, under the fascinations of the Comédie Française. Scotland, where many houses were always open to him, was in his later years his favorite holiday haunt.

But in the discursiveness of these remembrances I have left him still at Alrewas. Singularly susceptible throughout his life as he was to the influence of domestic surroundings, and rarely revealing the depths of his nature except under the sunshine of female friendship, it was here that the beautiful responsiveness which was his supreme charm was first fully evoked. At the Vicarage he was treated as a friend of the house, and many of his friends were in their turn made welcome—

Their only title that they came with him.

<sup>1</sup> As to Ainger's life at Alrewas I have been favored by some most interesting reminiscences, of which I have been allowed to make free use, by

the late Mr. Haslehurst's brother-in-law, the Ven. H. F. Bather, Archdeacon of Ludlow, for whom Ainger always entertained a deep regard.

The line is adapted from an idyll, *The Scholar's Day-Dream*, published in 1868 by one of these friends, Alsager Hay Hill, and conceived and executed under the influence of Tennyson,—an influence which possessed Ainger himself through most of his life. The poem therefore remains a fit memorial of early friendships,—easily identified by those who remember “their fellow-students by the Cam”—and more especially of the good Vicar of Alrewas, and of her who, until her too early death in 1865, was the guiding-star of his home. As those who knew her best agree, she must have been a lady of rare charm and high spirituality; to Ainger she was most assuredly a very true friend, and throughout the long silence of the years remaining to him a consecrated remembrance.

From Alrewas, in 1864, Ainger followed the good friend who had introduced him thither, to Sheffield, as an assistant-master in the Collegiate School. I make no doubt that some at least of the boys in that seminary (where I found him spending very happy days among cherished friends) owed to him the impulse derivable from the kind of literary teaching which in after days at Bristol, where the presence of his friend Professor Rowley allowed him to speak with freedom, he distinguished from that more generally in vogue, and which may be differentiated from the latter as arousing rather than killing interest. He has summarized his notions on the subject, which *mutatis mutandis* he was not afraid to carry out wherever he was called upon to teach or lecture—at the Crystal Palace where his ally (Sir) George Grove had captured him as an assistant, and afterwards even in the august surroundings of the Royal Institution itself—in the preface to his anthology of *Tennyson for the Young*. “It is hoped that this little volume may be found acceptable in the school-room,

as well as in the hours of leisure and recreation”; but, “it is distinctly not intended as a school-book, nor as an indirect instrument of studying grammar, the English language, or the Lives of the Poets.”

The course of Ainger’s life, which I am accompanying by a somewhat devious commentary, was finally determined on lines singularly harmonizing with his special gifts and tastes, and destined to bring into the light of common day some of his choicest qualities, when in 1866 he was appointed to the Readership of the Temple. A kindly influence, connected both with his Cambridge college and with the nominating Society of the Inner Temple, was at work in his favor; nor were the Benchers likely to be shocked, as was a member of a West End congregation to which he preached shortly before his appointment, with the appearance in the pulpit of “so old a man.” For my part, I subscribe to the opinion that there was little outward difference, except in a shade or so of the hair and a lower bend of the back, between the Master of 1900 and the undergraduate of 1860. I can remember how we celebrated the appointment of the new Reader on a summer evening at Richmond, and how Fawcett toasted the prosperity of our friend who had secured a better prize than falls to the lot of many, a position in every way congenial to himself.

The duties on which he proceeded to enter were made doubly pleasant to him by the associations which henceforth continuously grew up between him and the Temple, and which linked themselves with some of the names most cherished by him in the history of English letters; and by the warm personal feeling which in the course of time came to attach him to the Master’s house. Till 1869 the Mastership was filled by Archdeacon Robinson, whose meditations, according to Sir

George Rose as reported by Ainger, were always in the *Via Sacra*, and who, had he fulfilled the prophecy of the same great wit of the Temple, would have left it by Mitre Court. But his successor, Dr. Vaughan,—strenuous even in retirement, and endowed with an unequalled flow of exquisite topical eloquence—was immediately and enduringly attracted to the Reader who always spoke of him with the warmest appreciation and affection.

There was, however, a further bond of union with the Temple and its cherished church which the future was steadily to strengthen; and this was the musical element in the services that had now become the central interest of his life. Once more he was fortunate, both in finding so distinguished a musician as Dr. Hopkins in office as organist of the Temple, and afterwards in the appointment of his successor. Ainger's friend, Dr. H. Walford Davies who was thus officially associated with him during the last period of his Mastership, has most kindly communicated to me some reminiscences of his musical interests and predilections, of which unfortunately I can reprint here only a part.

Though his musical sympathies [Dr. Davies writes] were wide, he was always and essentially a lover of melody, and that of a very definite type. The tunes that seemed to please him most were such as were restful and yet ardent. It was his unfailing habit to sing his instrumental favorites,—and they seemed countless—to curious but appropriate syllables of his own invention, marking the typical *crescendo* by some appreciative gesture and generally ending with the exclamation "Ah, beautiful!" or with a smile. His strong love for his own kind of melody, his constancy to all his favorites from early Beethoven and Schubert days at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and a retentive memory had earned for him a reputation—in which he seemed to take

a certain pleasure—of being able to quote all the "sound subjects" that were ever written. His love of Schubert can scarcely have been less devoted than that which he cherished towards any musician or poet besides Shakespeare. . . . His sympathetic interest in the music at the Temple Church was, as may readily be guessed, great and constant. Before he left the Master's House, never to return, he scanned, eagerly as ever, the service-list for January and counted up what he should miss, expressing regret that he should not hear Bach's music. He had the deepest regard for S. S. Wesley and invariably asked for certain of his most beautiful anthems, especially for the simple "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," which was sung at the Temple Memorial Service on February 12th last. . . . One rare quality in his appreciation of Church music must be specially noted. He seemed to honor it as an integral part of the worship, and not as a dispensable or ornamental adjunct. More than once his sermons have been deliberately chosen to amplify or enforce the teaching or feeling of the anthem; and he loved to hear a strain of music after his sermon that should agree with its spirit. . . . On the other hand he deprecated the taint of performance,—and never more powerfully than in one of his last sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral to a great assembly of Church choirs, in which he declared that where Church music became an end in itself, there idolatry began.

Dr. Davies has also sent the following verses which he has been kindly allowed to transmit to me for publication, and which were written by Ainger when he visited the Schumann festival at Bonn, a celebration of which Madame Joachim's singing of Schumann's *Sonntag am Rhein* was one of the most touching incidents:

AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

August 17th, 1873.

When the soul, with sorrow laden,  
Hears no answer to its moan

In the jocund voice of Hadyn,  
Or Mozart's pellucid tone;—

When our Schubert's magic lyre  
Fails to lead us at its will,  
And the deeps of our desire  
E'en Beethoven cannot still!—

When the mists that bound things hu-  
man

We have sought to pierce in vain,—  
Then we turn to thee, oh Schumann!  
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

For there's rapture in thy sadness,  
And such joy in thy despond;  
And thy drifting clouds of madness  
Cannot hide the blue beyond.

Thy revolt can teach endurance;  
And the spirit sore oppressed  
In thy fears can find assurance,  
In thy restlessness its rest.

From thy bitter draw we sweetness  
And a peace from out thy strife,  
And a vision of completeness  
Broods above thy maimed life.

Then no funeral thoughts be ours,  
Take these funeral wreaths away,  
Leave the grass to God's own flowers  
And the glory of the day.

For, oh pilgrim-friends who wander  
To this lonely artist-shrine,  
It is Sunday—and see, yonder,  
Flows the blue unchanging Rhine!  
*Bonn, August, 1873.*

After Ainger had become officially connected with the Temple, he established himself for a time in Tanfield Court; but the ladies who occasionally presided over his afternoon tea-cups were right in judging him unsuited to that bachelor life in chambers which some of us found so much to our taste. Fortunately, not very long after his appointment, he was able to set up house at Hampstead (hardly a stone's throw from the famed Judge's Walk), where loving care gradually made for him a delightful home. On these kindly northern heights some of the very happiest years of his life were spent; here

he enjoyed a society which has contrived to preserve something of the literary flavor of the past, and to evince its self-respect by means of antiquarian gatherings, and a literary Annual of its own. To this last Ainger was a faithful contributor; and, unless I mistake, the very last thing printed by him was a paper on *George Crabbe in Hampstead* that appeared in its columns. An earlier contribution to the same serial records his intimacy with another Hampstead celebrity—a man of genius who never allowed success to run away with self-knowledge—the late George du Maurier. At Hampstead he remained for some years, even after, in 1887, his now established reputation as a preacher, together with his literary eminence and personal popularity, led to his nomination as a Canon of Bristol. His acceptance of the Lord Chancellor's offer led to his periodical domestication in what he soon knew to be one of the kindest and most hospitable of English cities.

In these latitudes, then, the best part of Ainger's working-life was spent. For it was a working-life, though I have heard wonderment expressed that he should not have preferred the bliss of something busier. Those who best knew him, and the value of him, often repeated to one another that a life such as his would not have been wasted even had its only monument been the affection of his friends,—even of his friends of a day; that to have sweetened and lightened life for so many of us, to have made us less impatient of the apparent dulness of existence, and to have quickened our insight into the half-ignored bounty of the Giver of all, was in itself a result worth reaching. But neither would Ainger's own sense of humor have regarded such a tribute as altogether satisfactory, nor could those who judge him by his actual accomplishment call it just. The limits of his strength, and a fastidiousness of

taste which was as much a second nature to him as was his occasional elation of spirit, taught him self-restraint, but idleness was not at all in his way; he strove after excellence, and he achieved it.

As a preacher and as an occasional lecturer or speaker, he had in his favor a voice and delivery which will long linger as a tradition even among those who were only occasionally brought under the charm. Those who have often heard him preach, and constantly listened to his reading of every kind of good literature,—sacred and solemn, subtle and simple, from the Bible to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Browning, from Browning to Dickens, from Dickens to Outram's *Lyrics* (was not the *Annuity* long our special family treat?) know that the matter had as much to do with the effect as the manner; that no one ever misunderstood a word or a cadence because the reader was always master of what he read. And in a sense this applied to his preaching, the power of which grew with his own intellectual and moral advance. The simplicity and directness of his *Temple Sermons*, published when he was about thirty-four years of age, together with their manifest design of addressing themselves to the ethical side of religious questions and to their bearing upon the duties of practical life, show in what directions he was to excel in the pulpit. But there can be no doubt that his power as a preacher grew in a very remarkable degree and would in all probability have grown still further, as the wisdom born of piety which his sermons more and more frequently revealed became their predominating note. His Temple audiences were well suited by his matter no less than by his manner; for it is not always vigor of demonstration or subtleness of argument which trained intellects seek as their spiritual nourishment; and Ainger was not so much a

stirring or convincing preacher, as one whose eloquence sprang from and refreshed the soul. Pure in its source, often lighted up with liveliest humor, at times fired by a fine scorn of what is common and mean, it was loveliest when it lost itself in the pathos of perfect humility. Thus it came to pass that though his diction was always refined, and though much of the light and shade of his style, and much of the poetic illustration which was without a trace of effort woven into its texture, could only instinctively be appreciated by large popular audiences, he never, at Bristol or elsewhere, seemed to be preaching above the heads of his hearers,—a very sure test of true eloquence.

As a lecturer on literary subjects,—at least in his occasional lectures, for I really know nothing about such systematic courses as he may have delivered—he was invariably delightful, being an expert in the art of letting himself go, without going a step too far. Latterly, when his established reputation, together with the irresistible attraction of his manner, might be relied on to prepossess an audience in his favor, he thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of freedom thus granted to him, but his sure tact prevented him from ever abusing it. He was never tempted into more than the semblance of a paradox, and never swerved from the side of good feeling and the charity which thinketh no evil. He had an address on *Wit and Humor*, which might perhaps in severer times have hardly served as a standard lecture for a Scottish rhetoric class, and was not historically exhaustive in the genesis of Euphuism, but in which the most systematic of professors could have found more suggestive illustrations than were dreamt of in his philosophy, and which to those who enjoyed it for its own sake was *merum sal*. Ainger was never more irresistible than

when he stood behind his reading-desk, his white head just lifted above it, and his eyes slyly watching his audience for a second or so after some palpable hit.

Of literary work proper he produced comparatively little, but hardly anything,—it may be said without hesitation—that was not of uncontested excellence. For forty years or thereabouts the columns of this Magazine were always open to him, but there are often gaps of years between his contributions, and (whether he wrote in his own name, under the felicitous alias of *Doubleday*, or anonymously) he never wrote without personal knowledge of his subject, or special familiarity with it. The best of the literary papers deal with Charles Lamb, with Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and with Tennyson. It is curious, but characteristic, that he should have printed so little about Shakespeare, whom he handled daily and nightly; there were, I think, some timely papers by him on Shakespeare's learning in *The Pilot*, a journal very congenial to Ainger; but he did not care for commentary laid on with the trowel, and had an edition of Shakespeare by him ever become an accomplished fact, he would not have stood between the poet and the sunlight. The enquiry into the origin of Coleridge's *Ode to Wordsworth* and the charming essay entitled *Nether Stowey*, already mentioned, deserve reprinting, should occasion ever offer, as valuable contributions to literary history; a third paper of special interest is that on *The Death of Tennyson*, which skilfully elaborates the present significance of the poem *Merlin and the Gleam*, printed three years before the poet's decease. Ainger, as is well known, was chosen to write the notice of Tennyson in *The Dictionary of National Biography*; but though the article is adequate and judicious, it is not perhaps as clear-cut as might have been expected.

But though Tennyson's influence upon Ainger was enhanced by the impression made on him by the poet's personality, his devotion to Wordsworth and Coleridge remained unsurpassed, and included all who were near and dear to them. Thus he must in any case have come to occupy himself specially with Charles Lamb, even had not their common association with the Temple formed a unique kind of link between them. In any case it must, in view of Ainger's most characteristic gifts and qualities, be allowed that fortunate, as he says, Charles Lamb had already been in his "verbal describers," the most congenial of them was awaiting the choicest of our English humorists. The extraordinary success of Ainger's *Charles Lamb* (when first published in the English Men of Letters' Series, edited by Mr. John Morley) may no doubt be ascribed to a combination of causes,—and primarily no doubt to the right relation in which the tragic interest of his private history was here for the first time placed to the humorous sides of his life and character. But it must further be allowed that rarely has a biographer better suited form to matter, and more successfully avoided the twin rocks of compression and redundancy. Very naturally, and I think on the whole very justly, so admirable a result was as a rule attributed to the close contact of sympathy between the author and his theme; for though the differences between Lamb and his biographer were as a matter of fact far more numerous than the resemblances, these latter lay above all in the sovereign spontaneity of their humor, in their instinctive love of what was best in our national literature, and in the harmony between their critical judgments and their moral sympathies. In the successive volume of Ainger's edition of Lamb's works and letters this intimacy of mind between editor and writer seems continuously to deep-

en; and in this respect at least these delightful books are never likely to be superseded.

The second English writer with whose name Ainger has permanently linked his own is Hood, who had himself many affinities with Lamb and was deeply attached to him in life. Among the many melancholy incidents of Hood's own career not the least melancholy was the chilling indifference shown by the public to his first and last volume of serious verse, on which it was not till many years later,—shortly before his premature death—that those last lyrics followed by which, as Ainger says, Hood "lives and will live in the hearts of his countrymen." Unluckily for himself, he and those he loved had to live by a different kind of production; but he was in his turn fortunate in meeting with a critical biographer thoroughly in his element when analyzing the wit and humor which in Hood at least are indifferently blended. Especially good is the commentary which will long continue to be quoted on Hood's mastery (a more developed one than even Lamb's) of the pun, which became "an element in his fancy, his humor, his ethical teaching, even his pathos." Ainger himself was always fascinated by excellence in this as in other forms of wit; and it has consequently depressed his friends very much to see him described by well-meaning chroniclers as an inveterate punster,—a misconception of his ways which is almost tragically hopeless.

The last English classic of whom Ainger published a special study was Crabbe, of whom only last year he contributed an admirable critical life to the new series of the English Men of Letters. I read the sheets of this little volume as they passed through the press, and familiar as I was with Ainger's writings was greatly struck by the maturity of judgment which the book exhibits. Crabbe's name has

been much before the public of late, owing to many causes, among them perhaps the judicious and sympathetic praise of Edward FitzGerald, the master-critic who, but for Mr. Aldis Wright, would never have been brought to honor. According to custom in our world of letters, an almost sectarian spirit has in consequence possessed itself of some among Crabbe's admirers; and these have refused to be satisfied with Ainger's judgment of their favorite, because, while rendering justice to his high qualities, it does not refuse to recognize his limits as a poet. The single-minded truthfulness and the deep-rooted humanity of Crabbe's poetic genius stand forth with perfect clearness in this admirable biography; while the weaknesses of the man are touched with tenderness as if by the hand of a friend.

I have in these notes anticipated the sequence of events in Ainger's public career. In 1894, a few months after he had resigned his Readership, Lord Rosebery, in a letter which enhanced the compliment implied in the offer contained in it, informed Canon Ainger that he had recommended him to the Crown for appointment to the Mastership of the Temple vacant by the Dean of Llandaff's death. As not long afterwards the Master was named Chaplain to the Queen, and was retained in this office by his present Majesty, Ainger was in his later years full of honors. But on the social side of his life in these years I need not touch; he was able gracefully to dispense the hospitalities of the Master's house; but as has already been said it was in the sanctuary close by that his life really centred, nor will any name in the long list of Masters be more fitly remembered there than his so long as the sacred strains he loved and the divine truths that found in him so eloquent and so loyal a messenger find listeners in the Temple Church.

And now he has gone from us. His mere personality, though of all the personalities familiar to us of this generation it was the most original and unique, must gradually be forgotten, or pass from reminiscence into tradition. "Who," as a contemporary wrote of Charles Lamb, "shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness?" Who, again, shall describe the whole manner of the man, charged as it was with mental electricity, which caught every spark of fresh fancy or fun, and flashed back a scintillation of its own? To describe these would be not only to reproduce the outward manner, instinct with perpetual motion and a rich changefulness like that of the sea, but to go some way towards indicating the texture of the mind,—delicate, sensitive, with an inborn repugnance to whatsoever was gross, stale, impure, to whatsoever was unreal and insincere and untouched by the piety which, in Chaucer's words, looks on high and thanks God for all. In Ainger, as he said of Charles Lamb, his humor was part and parcel of his character; but with Lamb's biographer,

Macmillan's Magazine.

even more distinctively than with Lamb himself, his taste, in the fullest sense of the term, was absolutely inseparable from the humor with which it was associated. Ainger cites a saying of FitzGerald's that "taste is the feminine of genius"; and adds that, like its male companion, it must always be the heritage of the few. One may perhaps venture on the further addition that those to whom true taste appeals, even when united to true humor, are in their turn really a small minority, and that the multitude is attracted by an individuality like Ainger's more on account of what is accidental than of what is essential in it. In any case if a successful attempt is to be made to write of him as he was, it must be made, in his own fashion, not only with commanding insight but with loving care. We, who were his contemporaries, may cheerfully leave this task to some member of the younger generation, who prized him as we did ourselves, though the loss of him cannot make such a gap in their lives as it leaves in ours.

A. W. Ward.

"INFINITE TORMENT OF FLIES."—

Tennyson.

The last few years of the nineteenth, and the first few years of the present century, are marked in the annals of medicine by a great increase in our knowledge of certain parasitic diseases, and, above all, in our knowledge of the agency by which the parasites causing the diseases are conveyed from host to host.

Chief amongst these agencies, in carrying the disease-causing organisms from infected to uninfected animals, are the insects, and, amongst the insects, above all the flies. Flies, e.g.,

the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*), can carry about with them the bacillus of anthrax, and, if brought into contact with a wounded surface, may thus set up an outbreak of woolsorter's disease. Flies, ants, and other even more objectionable insects, are not only capable of disseminating the plague-bacillus from man to man, and possibly from rat to man, but they themselves fall victims to the disease, and perish in great numbers. They are active agents in the spread of cholera and of enteric fever, and are accused of conveying

the inflammatory matter of Egyptian ophthalmia, and of the "sore-eye" so common in Florida from one human being to another.

The diseases already mentioned are caused by bacteria. But flies also play a part in the conveyance of a large number of organisms which are not bacteria, but which, nevertheless, cause disease, and cause it on the largest scale.

Of all the twenty-two orders into which the modern entomologist divides the class *Insecta*, that of the *Diptera*, or true flies, is perhaps the easiest to recognize, for it is characterized by one very obvious feature, the presence of the fore-wings only. The hind wings are replaced by a pair of small stalked, club-shaped "balancers," which are readily visible in some kinds of fly, *e.g.*, the Daddy-long-legs, but in others are by no means conspicuous. Thus it is an easy matter to determine whether an insect be a fly or not. To determine what particular kind of fly it be is, however, a very different affair. At present some forty thousand species of *Diptera* are known, and have been more or less completely described or figured; and Mr. D. Sharp estimates that this number is "only a tithe of what are still unknown to science. Further the group has been rather neglected. Flies, speaking generally, are neither attractive in their appearance, nor engaging in their habits; and it is a cause for no astonishment that entomologists have preferred to work at other groups.

In considering the part played by flies in disseminating diseases not caused by bacteria, we can neglect all but a very few families, those flies which suck blood having alone any interest in this connection.

From the point of view of the physician, by far the most important of these families is the *Culicidae*. The genus *Culex*, from which it takes its

name, includes not only our commonest gnat, often seen in swarms on summer evenings, but some hundred and thirty other species. Members of this genus convey from man to man the *Filaria nocturna*, one of the causes of the widely-spread disease Filariasis. In patients suffering from this disease, minute embryonic round-worms swarm in the blood vessels of the skin during the hours of darkness. Between six and seven in the evening they begin to appear in the superficial blood-vessels, and they increase in number till midnight, when they may occur in such numbers, that five or six hundred may be counted in a single drop of blood. After midnight, the swarms begin to lessen, and, by breakfast time, about eight or nine in the morning, except for a few strayed revellers, they have disappeared from the superficial circulations, and are hidden away in the larger blood-vessels and in the lungs.

In spite of their incredible numbers, these minute larval worms, shaped something like a needle pointed at each end, seem to cause little harm. It might be thought that they would traverse the walls of the blood-vessels, and cause trouble in the surrounding tissues; but this is prevented by a curious device. It is well known that, like insects, round-worms from time to time cast their skins, and the young larvæ in the blood cast theirs, but do not escape from the inside of this winding-sheet; and thus, though they actively wriggle and coil and uncoil their bodies, their progress is as small, and their struggles as little effective, as are those of a man in a strait waistcoat.

The causes of the periodicity of the appearance of these round-worms in the superficial blood-vessels are not completely understood, but they appear to have more relation with the usual sleeping hours of humanity than with day and night. In individuals who sleep by day and work by night,

the *Filaria nocturna* is found in the blood-vessels of the skin during the day. Thus, whilst between 5 p.m. and 7 or 8 a.m. the vessels of the skin of Cox the Hatter would be well peopled by the round-worms, they would only come to the surface in Box the Printer during the day-time, whilst he was sleeping in the lodgings of Mrs. Bouncer.

One reason of the normal appearance of the creatures in the blood at night is undoubtedly connected with the habits of its second host, the gnat or mosquito. Two species are accused of carrying the *Filaria* from man to man—*Culex fatigans* and *Anopheles nigerrimus*. Sucked up with the blood, the round-worms pass into the stomach of the insect. Here they appear to become violently excited, and rush from one end to the other of their enveloping sheath, until they succeed in breaking through it. When free, they pierce the walls of the stomach of the mosquito, and come to rest in the great thoracic muscles. Here the *Filarias* rest for some two or three weeks, growing considerably and developing a mouth and alimentary canal; thence, when they are sufficiently developed, they make their way to the proboscis of the mosquito. Here they lie in couples; and it would be interesting to determine whether these couples are male and female. Exactly how they effect their exit from the mosquito and their entrance into man, has not yet been accurately observed; but presumably it is during the process of biting. Once inside man, they work their way to the lymphatics, and very soon the female begins to pour into the lymph a stream of young embryos, which reach the blood-vessels through the thoracic duct. It is these adults which are the source of all the trouble. They are of considerable size, three or four inches in length; and their presence, by blocking the channels of the lymphatics, gives rise to a wide

range of disease, of which elephantiasis is the most pronounced form.

The parasite which causes malaria is a much more lowly organized animal than the *Filaria*. It too is conveyed by an insect, and, as far as we know, by one genus of mosquito only, the *Anopheles*. The malarial parasite lives in the blood-cells of man, but at a certain period it breaks up into spores which escape into the fluid of the blood, and it is at this moment that the sufferer feels the access of fever. The presence and growth within the blood-cells results in the destruction of the latter, a very serious thing to the patient if the organisms be at all numerous. If the spores be sucked up by an *Anopheles*, they undergo a complex change, and ultimately reproduce an incredible number of minute spores or sporozoites, each capable of infecting man again, if it can but win entrance into his body.

Under normal circumstances, for each *Filaria* larva which enters a mosquito one *Filaria* issues forth, longer, it is true, and more highly developed, but not much changed. The malaria-parasite undergoes, in its passage through the body of the *Anopheles*, many and varied phases of its life-history. As the Frenchman said of the pork, which goes into one end of the machine in the Chicago meat-factories as live pig, and comes out at the other in the form of sausages, "il est diablement changé en route." The mosquito is as truly a host of the malarial parasite as man, and is as necessary for its full development as is man. Judging by the number and extent of the lesions in the insect's body, it must suffer far more than man, and it is undoubtedly killed at times, and perhaps fairly frequently, by the parasite.

Whoever has watched under a lens the process of "biting," as carried on by a mosquito, must have observed the fleshy proboscis (*labium*) terminating in a couple of lobes. The *labium* is

grooved like a gutter, and in the groove lie five piercing stylets, and a second groove or *labrum*. It is along this labrum that the blood is sucked. Between the paired lobes of the labium, and guided by them (as a billiard cue may be guided by two fingers), a bundle of five extremely fine stylets sinks slowly through the epidermis, cutting into the skin as easily as a paper-knife into a soft cheese. Four of these stylets are toothed, but the single median one is shaped like a two-edged sword. Along its centre, where it is thickest, runs an extremely minute groove, only visible under a high power of the microscope. Down this groove flows the saliva, charged with the spores or germs of the malaria-causing parasite. Through this minute groove has flowed the fluid which, it is no exaggeration to say, has changed the face of continents and profoundly affected the fate of nations.

It is an interesting fact that, amongst the *Culicidae*, it is the female alone that bites. The mouth-parts of the male are weaker, and seem unable to pierce the skin. It has been suggested that a meal of blood is necessary for the development of the eggs; but the evidence for this is not conclusive. There must be millions and millions of mosquitoes in sparsely inhabited or uninhabited districts, in Africa, in Finland, in Northern Asia and America, which never have the chance of sucking blood; and it is impossible to believe that these millions do not lay eggs.

The female is undoubtedly greedy. If undisturbed, she simply gorges herself until every joint of her chitinous armor is stretched to the cracking point. At times even, like Baron Munchausen's horse after his adventure with the Portcullis, what she takes in at one end runs out at the other. But she never ceases sucking. The great majority of individuals, however, can never taste blood, and subsist mainly on vegetable

juices. In captivity they cannot last longer than five days without food and drink, but they can be kept alive for weeks on a diet of bananas, pineapples, and other juicy fruits.

*Anopheles* is often conveyed great distances by the wind, or in railway trains or ships, but of itself it does not fly far; about five or six hundred yards—some authorities place it much lower—is its limit. Beyond this distance they do not voluntarily stray from their breeding places. They lay their eggs, as is well known, in standing water, and here three out of the four stages in their life-history—the egg, the larva, and the pupa—are passed through. The larva and the pupa hang on to the surface-film of the water by means of certain suspensory hairs, and by their breathing apparatus. Anything which prevents the breathing tubes reaching the air ensures the death of the larva and pupa. Hence the use of paraffin on the pools or breeding places. It, or any other oily fluid, spreads as a thin layer over the surface of the pools and puddles, and clogs the respiratory pores, and the larvae or pupa soon die of suffocation.

A considerable degree of success has attended the efforts of the sanitary authorities, largely at the instigation of Major Ross, all over the world, to diminish the mosquito-plague. It is, of course equally important to try and destroy the parasite in man by means of quinine. This is, however, a matter of very great difficulty. In Africa and in the East, nearly all the native children are infected with malaria, though they suffer little, and gradually acquire a high degree of immunity. Still, they are always a source of infection; and Europeans living in malarious districts should always place their dwellings to the windward of the native settlements.

Knowing the cause, we can now guard against malaria; mosquito-nets and

wire windows and doors are a sufficient check on the access of *Anopheles* to man. If they could only be kept permanently apart, we might hope for the disappearance of the parasite from our fauna. In relieving man from the pest, all lovers of animals will rejoice that we are also relieving the probably far more acute sufferings of one of the most delicate and beautiful insects that we know.

Another elegant little gnat, *Stegomyia fasciata*, closely allied to *Culex*, with which, until recently, it was placed, is the cause of the spread of that most fatal of epidemic diseases, the yellow fever. Like the *Culex*, but unlike the *Anopheles*, *Stegomyia* has a hump-backed outline, and its larva has a long respiratory tube at an angle to its body, from which it hangs suspended from the surface-film of its watery home. It is a very widely distributed creature; it girdles the earth between the tropics, and is said to live well on ship-board. It breeds in almost any standing fresh water, provided it be not brackish. The female is said to be most active during the warmer hours of the day, from noon till three or so, and in some of the West Indies it is known as the "day-mosquito."

The organism which causes yellow fever has yet to be found. It seems that it is not a bacterium, and that it lives in the blood of man. It evidently passes through a definite series of changes in the mosquito; for freshly infected mosquitoes do not at once convey the disease. After biting an infected person, it takes twelve days for the unknown organism to develop in the *Stegomyia*, before it is ready for a change of host. The mosquitoes are then capable of inoculating man with the disease for nearly two months. The period during which a man may infect the mosquito, should it bite him, is far

shorter, and extends only over the first three days of the illness.

Very careful search has hitherto failed to reveal the presence of the parasite of yellow fever. By its works alone can it be judged. It seems that, like the germ of rinderpest and of foot-and-mouth disease, it is ultra-microscopic; and our highest lenses fail to resolve it. From the course of the disease, and the nature of his host, it will probably prove to be something like the organism which causes malaria. The means of warring against *Anopheles* and *Culex* are equally applicable in the case of *Stegomyia*, but, since the last-named flies by day, they are more difficult to carry out, and more irksome to endure. By the intelligent application of these preventive measures, the Americans, who first firmly established the mosquito-theory of this disease, have freed Havana for the first time from yellow fever, and have materially reduced the amount of malaria.

King Solomon sent to Tarshish for gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks, and at the present day, people mostly go to Africa for gold, diamonds, ivory, and game. These are the baits that draw them in. Of the great obstacles, however, which have for generations succeeded in keeping that great continent, except at the fringes, comparatively free from immigrants, three, and these by no means the least important, are insignificant members of the order Diptera. We have considered the case of *Culex* and *Anopheles*, the third fly we have now to do with is the Tse-tse fly (*Glossina*),<sup>1</sup> which communicates a fatal disease to cattle and domesticated animals of all kinds.

The members of the genus *Glossina* are unattractive insects, a little larger than our common house-fly, with a sober brownish or brownish-gray coloration.<sup>2</sup> When at rest, the two wings are

<sup>1</sup> [There are, at least, seven species of the genus; perhaps the best known is "*Glossina mordetana*," the species originally described by Westwood.]

<sup>2</sup> E. H. Austen, "A Monograph of the Tse-tse-flies." London, 1903.

sharply superimposed, like the blades of a shut pair of scissors; and this feature readily serves to distinguish the genus from that of all other blood-sucking flies, and is of great use in discriminating between the Tse-tse, and the somewhat nearly allied *Stomoxyx* and *Hematopota*.

The Tse-tse flies rapidly and directly to the object it seeks, and must have a keen sense of smell, or sight, or both, making straight for its prey, and being most persistent in its attacks. The buzzing which it produces when flying is peculiar, and easily recognized again when once heard. After feeding, the fly emits a higher note, a fact recalling the observation of Dr. Nuttall and the present writer on the note of *Anopheles*, in which animal they observed that "the larger the meal the higher the note." The Tse-tse does not settle lightly and imperceptibly on the sufferer as the *Culicidae* do, nor does it alight slowly and circumspectly, after the manner of the horse-flies, but it comes down with a bump, square on its legs. Like the mosquito, the Tse-tse is greedy, and sucks voraciously. The abdomen becomes almost spherical, and of a crimson red, and, in the course of a few seconds the fly has exchanged the meagre proportions of a Don Quixote for the ampler circumference of a Sancho Panza. There is a good deal of discrepancy between the reports of the various sufferers as to the pain of the bite. No doubt different persons are very differently affected, and suffer to very varying degrees. Unlike so many of the blood-sucking Diptera, in which the habit is confined to the females, both sexes of *Glossina* attack warm-blooded creatures.

The fly always seems to choose a very inaccessible portion of the body to operate on, between the shoulders in man, or on the back and belly in cattle and horses, even inside the nostrils of the latter, or on the forehead in dogs.

According to Lt.-Colonel D. Bruce, R.A.M.C., to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of this fly and its evil work, the female does not lay eggs, but is viviparous, and produces a large active yellow larva, which immediately crawls away to some secluded crevice, and straightway turns into a hard, black pupa, from which the imago emerges in some six weeks. Thus two stages, the egg and the larva, both peculiarly liable to destruction, are practically skipped in the Tse-tse, at any rate in some species. On the other hand, this advantage is probably to a great extent counterbalanced by the smallness of the number of the larvae produced, compared with the number of the eggs laid by the oviparous Diptera.

The genera of the *Culicidae* which we have considered are found practically all over the world, but the genus *Glossina* is fortunately confined to Africa. From the admirable map of the geographical distribution of the fly compiled by Mr. Austen, we gather that its northern limit corresponds with a line drawn from the Gambia, through Lake Chad to Somaliland, somewhere about the 13th parallel of north latitude. Its southern limit is about on a level with the northern limit of Zululand. The Tse-tse is not, of course, found everywhere within this area; and, though it has probably escaped observation in many districts, it seems clear that it is very sporadically distributed. Mr. Austen further thinks that it may occur outside the boundary above laid down; and suggests that the great mortality amongst the horses in the Abyssinian campaign against King Theodore may have been caused by it.

Even where the Tse-tse is found, it is not uniformly distributed, but occurs in certain localities only. These form the much dreaded "fly-belts." The normal prey of the fly is undoubtedly the big game of Africa. But they are

not the only factor in its distribution. The nature of the land also plays a part. There are the usual discrepancies in the accounts of travellers, especially of African travellers, in the exact localities the *Glossina* affects; but most writers agree that the Tse-tse is not found in the open veldt. It must have cover. Warm, moist, steamy hollows, containing water and clothed with forest growth, are the haunts chosen. Even within the fly-belt there are oases, due perhaps to an absence of shrubs or trees, where no flies are.

The Tse-tse fly belongs to the family *Muscidae*, the true flies, a very large family, which also includes our house-fly, blue-bottle fly, etc. These flies, unlike *Anopheles* and *Culex*, are day-flies, and begin to disappear at or about sunset, a fact noted centuries ago by Dante:

Nei tempo che colui, che il mondo  
schiara,  
La faccia sua a noi tien meno ascosa,  
Come la mosca cede alla zanzara.<sup>3</sup>

The practical disappearance as the temperature drops has enabled the South African traveller to traverse the fly-belts with impunity during the cooler hours of the night. At nightfall the Tse-tse seems to retire to rest amongst the shrubs and undergrowth; but, if the weather be warm, it may sit up late; and some experienced travellers refrain from entering a fly-belt, especially on a summer's night, until the temperature has considerably fallen.

The sickness and death of the cattle bitten by the Tse-tse was formerly attributed to some specific poison secreted by the fly, and injected during the process of biting. It is now, largely owing to the researches of Colonel Bruce, known to be due to the inoculation of the beasts with a minute para-

sitic organism conveyed from host to host by the fly. The disease is known as "Nagana," and the organism that causes it is a species of *Trypanosoma*, a flagellate Protozoon or unicellular organism, which moves by means of the lashing of a minute, whip-like process. These parasites live, not as does the malaria parasite, in the blood-cells, but in the fluid of the blood. The particular species of *Trypanosoma* which causes Nagana does not attack man, and some goats and donkeys seem also immune; but, with these exceptions, all domesticated animals suffer, and in a great percentage of cases the disease terminates in death. Just as the native children in Africa form the source of the supply of the malarial parasite without appearing to suffer much, so the big game of the country abound in *Trypanosoma* without appearing to be any the worse. Under a more natural condition of things than at present obtains in South Africa, the big game formed the natural prey of the Tse-tse; and, indeed, so dependent is the fly on the antelopes, etc., that, in places where the game has been exterminated, the fly has also disappeared. It is from the big game that the disease has spread. In their bodies the harmful effect of the parasite has, through countless generations, become attenuated; but it leaps into full activity again as soon as the *Trypanosoma* wins its way into the body of any introduced cattle, horse, or domesticated animal.

The Report of Colonel Bruce, which has just been issued, shows that the Sleeping-Sickness which devastates Central Africa, from the West Coast to the East, is also conveyed by a species of Tse-tse fly. The severity of the disease, which always terminates fatally, is shown by the fact that in a single island—Ruvuma—the population has recently been reduced by it from 22,000 to 8,000, whilst whole districts have been almost depopulated. The disease is

<sup>3</sup> "Inferno," xxvi. 28-29.

caused by the presence of a second species of *Trypanosoma* in the blood, and in the cerebro-spinal fluid. The existence of this parasite has now been proved in all the cases recently investigated. From the similarity of the parasite to that causing the cattle disease of South Africa, the idea at once arose that the *Trypanosoma* was conveyed from man to man by a biting insect. Along the lake shores a species of Tse-tse (*G. palpalis*) abounds; and it was noticed that if the fly, having fed off a sleeping-sickness patient, bit a monkey, the monkey became infected. Further, flies which were captured in a sleeping-sickness district were also

capable of conveying the disease to healthy monkeys. The proof that sleeping-sickness is due to a *Trypanosoma* present in the cerebro-spinal fluid of the patient, and that it is conveyed from man to man by *Glossina palpalis*, seems now complete. Fortunately, like its congener, *G. palpalis* is confined to certain districts. The knowledge of these, and of the habits of this species of fly, will suggest preventive measures; and the brilliant research of Colonel Bruce and his colleagues, Captain Grieg and Dr. Nabarro, may yet save the much-tried African Continent from the most fatal of recent diseases.

Arthur E. Shipley.

The Independent Review.

### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.\*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been dead more than forty years, and complete editions of her work—"The Seraphim," "Aurora Leigh," "Poems before Congress," and all—are still being issued. There is a great deal of it. The slimness of the three little volumes before us is deceptive, for they contain altogether nearly 1,800 pretty-closely covered pages of poetry. And on very many of those pages there is something to make you frown, some extravagance, some strained simile, some piece of bad grammar or worse rhyme, of carelessness, haste, or downright ugliness. Few poets were ever so handicapped in the race for immortality by their own fault, and yet few had so lofty a conception of the claims and dues of poetry. A volume of selections made on the strictest principles would be very small indeed. And yet Mrs. Browning continues to be read whole, and he would be a bold prophet

who would foretell the day when she will not.

The truth appears to be that in matters of literature there are two consciences, which for convenience, but for convenience only, may be called the higher and the lower. The lower conscience is that of the poet as craftsman, and Tennyson and Catullus are the crowning examples of it. It is concerned, so far as the two things can be separated, with the form rather than the matter of the work, the grammar and composition of the art, and is the power that prevents a poet from passing anything that is not expressed in the very best way that he can achieve. It may win immortality for thought of any kind, and its absence may doom the highest to extinction. Of this kind of literary conscience Mrs. Browning had little or none. She was, in spite of her bursts of lyrical beauty, careless of form. Her brain was exceedingly well equipped, but there was no file in it. She was a poet born. Thoughts and verses came to her, and

\* "The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Three vols. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. each net cloth, 3s. net leather.)

she wrote them down, whether they came right or wrong. Sometimes they came entirely right:—

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses, Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tenderesses:

or again:—

Bring an oath most sylvan-holy,  
And upon it swear me true—  
By the wind-bells swinging slowly  
Their mute curfews in the dew,  
By the advent of the snowdrop, by the  
rosemary and rue:

and sometimes they did not:—

Some respect to social fictions  
Has been also lost by me;  
And some generous genuflexions,  
Which my spirit offered free  
To the pleasant old conventions of our  
false humanity.

or again:—

One who knew me in my childhood  
In the glamor and the game,  
Looking on me long and mild, would  
Never know me for the same.

which really looks as if it were Bon Gaultier doing for Mrs. Browning what Mr. Andrew Lang once did for Thomas Haynes Bayly. She is capable of the most distressing rhymes, and can go draggle-tailed through unlimited stanzas; and yet she could write the sixth of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The form of the sonnet, no doubt, was an admirable shackle for her; she knew its difficulties and must have set to work in all seriousness to conquer them. But in far too many cases, when her ebullience was let loose in easier measures, there is the same difference between what she could be and what she was that there is between the paces of a trained horse and the scamper of a colt in a field, now beautiful and now grotesque. It

is this that makes her such a disappointing, ever an irritating, author to read. No one could refuse the titles of poet and genius to the author of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" or the "Sea-Mew" or the "Deserted Garden," in which she tells of her favorite white roses:—

Long years ago it might befall,  
When all the garden flowers were trim,  
The grave old gardener prided him  
On these the most of all.

Some lady, stately overmuch,  
Here moving with a silken noise,  
Has blushed beside them at the voice  
That likened her to such.

And these, to make a diadem,  
She often may have plucked and  
twined,  
Half-smiling as it came to mind  
That few would look at them.

No one could deny her possession of a good sense of form, when she chose to use it; but the impetuosity that always tore the string off parcels instead of untying the knots, and bade Robert Browning grow his beard again "this minute!" was here her great weakness. The stream of her poetry ran fast, but she took too little trouble to deepen the shallows or see that the water was clear. Elsewhere that impetuosity was, in a manner, her strength.

The other form of literary conscience is the power that unfits people to be poets laureate (it would certainly have unfitted Mrs. Browning had someone's suggestion that she ought to succeed Wordsworth been accepted) by compelling them to say that which is in them and nothing else. And this Mrs. Browning had. We no longer find her very daring; but it is worth while to look at her from the historical point of view and remember what a surprise such a woman must have been to a generation accustomed to Mrs. Hemans and the pale raptures of "L. E. L." The nice little sentimentalities of the

album-makers were not the work of people immensely proud of their womanhood; for the most part the authors carefully posed as men, and imagined they were deceiving the world by addressing love songs to female names; they were not written by people with a knowledge of metaphysics and the Greek tragedians and the fathers and the Old Testament in Hebrew. They were not written by people with half the width of fancy and strength of wit or half the force of character of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, nor, above all, by people half so courageous in giving that wit and fancy free play and saying exactly what they thought and felt. Whatever she owed to other poets, and in particular Coleridge and Wordsworth, the voice she spoke with was her own, and it came with a rush of words and a soaring thought that commanded attention. Later, after a number of exciting experiments in mediævalism, she attained to the sincere and unhesitating expression of her own many sided, keen, sympathetic, and brilliant self, and through herself of all womanhood. "A woman of real Genius, I know," said Fitzgerald in that famous letter; "but what is the upshot of it all? She and her Sex had better mind the Kitchen and their Children; and perhaps the Poor." But Miss Elizabeth Barrett had no domestic duties, and we are not aware that Mrs. Browning neglected hers. "The Cry of the Children" has probably been worth more to the poor than all the soup-kitchens in England; and as to the upshot of it all, if the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are not upshot enough, there is this. The self-expression of one who was at once a thorough woman, a good woman, and a genius was a thing that had never been before, or at least had not survived. That was her special characteristic, and we believe it to be the mainstay of her popularity, both then

and now. She gave passionate utterance to the womanhood in her, and it is nearly always women who in reading her find the expression of their own thoughts expanded and glorified. She appeals to them by her comprehension of maternity and children (the worship of Marian Erle's baby is one of the oases in "Aurora Leigh"), by the claims she made for the love that women give to men, and perhaps too by the view of the love they get in return which ends "A Man's Requirements." The quick sympathy with suffering and aspiration which enabled her to write as an advanced Liberal from the house of a crusted Tory, and the religious feeling which, with just enough of attachment to forms and ceremonies, church bells, surplices, and the rest, to touch a common chord, was yet essentially spiritual, a continual consciousness of the Divine presence and trust in the Divine love and pity—these are things which bring pleasure and consolation to scores of people who do not mind false rhymes and get no satisfaction from the strength of "Crowned and Buried" or the swift subtlety of "Wine of Cyprus."

She was "something of a spirit," it was said, even in her lifetime. "A spirit yet a woman too" seems to describe her exactly; a highly-strung, high-spirited being, whom no amount of entirely successful efforts to persuade her that she was dying could rob of a great deal of most vigorous spiritual and mental life. The recollection of her childhood, as we know from "The Lost Bower" and "Hector in the Garden," was one of her happiest inspirations, and more than the recollection had survived. She is fond of bewailing the change, of dwelling on her sorrows and tears, and speaking of herself as one to whom the world could bring no further joy. And those are just the moments when we are tempted to question her sincerity:—

How could I think it right,  
New-comer on our earth as, Sweet, thou  
art,  
To bring a verse from out a human  
heart  
Made heavy with accumulated tears,  
And cross with such amount of weary  
years  
Thy day-sum of delight?

That, somehow, rings false, and there are other passages like it. But there is all the difference between sincerity and true knowledge of self, especially, it might be fancied, in women. She had ample cause for believing herself a broken creature, while the truth seems to have been that, in spite of her ill-health and darkened room, and although her brother was dead and her father alive, she was full of life and energy and high spirits. She assures you that she is dying in a manner that leaves no doubt of her being very much alive. But that is no reason for questioning her sincerity; and, considering that the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are largely concerned with the same sentiment, there is no possibility of doing so. For here is the absolute sincerity of self-revelation. Falling in love is apt to make people diffident. Robust men have been known to discover symptoms of heart disease, and blameless livers to believe themselves of the blackest dye. It was only natural that Miss Barrett, when Robert Browning had left her darkened room, should fall into such strains as "A Denial" or "Question and Answer"; and the result was that in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and the few other lyrics that belong to them we have the finest expression in all literature of the humility of love. There is no more dashing now. In the presence of an emotion that could in no sense be called, what all the rest might be, the necessary occupation of quick sympathies and an active brain, she was awed and frightened. The

strength and wit and sensibility that had too often before been allowed to run riot were all concentrated; and she gave to Robert Browning a series of strong and dignified sonnets, all but perfect in form and diction, which place her securely among the poets for whom she claimed so much.

The change from the seclusion of her darkened room to an only slightly less secluded life in Florence was not likely to bring much increase to her knowledge of the world; but, unfortunately, it enlarged her scope. In some ways it is infinitely regrettable that she should have deserted her former topics—flowers and country scenes, childhood, her own and other people's, her own heart and the human and divine affections—and dashed off into subjects which she had neither the knowledge nor the patience to understand. From the point of view of her poetry, it meant a fresh display of her besetting lack of judgment and the encouragement of her own tendency to run wild, with the addition of some of the worst antics of her husband. This is sometimes referred to as an accession of strength to her work. Leaving aside the question whether the author of "Crowned and Buried" needed accession so much as chastening of strength, take a verse of "Summing up in Italy":—

Azeglio, Farini, Mamiani,  
Ricasoli—doubt by the dozen!—here's  
Pepoli too, and Cipriani,  
Imperial cousins and cozeners—  
Arese, Laiatico,—courtly  
Of manners, if stringent of mouth:  
Garibaldi! we'll come to him shortly  
(As soon as he ends in the South).

That is merely a union of the faults of both parties. "Napoleon III. in Italy," again, is nothing less than a misfortune, but rather for its author's reputation as poet and prophet than for the world in general. It may have

been absurd of her to pin such faith to Napoleon III., it may be irritating to find an English Protestant scribbling cheap gibes at the Roman Church because the Papal States were mismanaged and Pio Nono lost his chance; but it was infinitely less absurd than the proceedings of the ladies who still wear "Roma" in gold or silver at their breasts and sigh for the lost glories of disunited Italy, infinitely less irritating than the constant compromise and timidity and insincerity of practical politics. Her fine, reckless conviction, her faith and her devotion to an ideal are the very elements that seem to fade further and further away as time goes on. But the misfortune was that these were not the subjects best suited to her genius. These Italian poems throughout contain more passion than power and more rhetoric than poetry. As to "Aurora Leigh," obviously, amidst a great deal of nonsense about things which the author's seclusion had prevented her from seeing or understanding, it contains a great deal of sound wisdom which her womanhood and her genius had given her exceptional facilities for acquiring. Her answer to the riddle of life is the work of a true woman, and the fire of the whole poem is the fire of genius. The work contains also some passages of very pure and delightful poetry. The baby-worship referred to above is one example; a grand scamper southward from Paris is another; and this is, perhaps, the best of all:—

And when at last  
Escaped, so many a green slope built  
on slope  
Betwixt me and the enemy's house be-  
hind,  
I dared to rest, or wander, in a rest  
Made sweeter for the step upon the  
grass,  
And view the ground's most gentle dim-  
plement  
The London Times.

(As if God's finger touched but did not  
press  
In making England), such an up and  
down  
Of verdure—nothing too much up or  
down,  
A ripple of land; such little hills, the  
sky  
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheat-  
fields climb;  
Such nooks of valleys lined with or-  
chises,  
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;  
And open pastures where you scarcely  
tell  
White daisies from white dew,—at in-  
tervals  
The mythic oaks and elm-trees stand-  
ing out  
Self-poised upon their prodigy of  
shade,—  
I thought my father's land was worthy  
too  
Of being my Shakespeare's.

Unfortunately, however, a few fine passages do not make a poem, and in Mrs. Browning the parts are too often greater than the whole. There are numberless things in her works which we should be tempted to include in our volume of selections for the sake of this or that detached beauty; there is scarcely anything, indeed, which does not offer something we should be sorry to sacrifice; and there are certain things, like "The Sea-Mew" or "The Deserted Garden" or most of the sonnets, which we must have exactly as they are. A volume compiled with stern rectitude would contain only this latter class, and Mrs. Browning's position in the front rank of poets would be assured. But besides that she has another life, among a very large number of not over critical and mainly feminine readers who come to her to learn their own thoughts and glorify their own feelings. Her work has been of immense influence on nearly every woman-poet that has come since, but she remains, and possibly will remain the chief voice of womanhood.

## PIUS X.

Politicians, and, indeed, thinking men generally, all over the world are watching the new Pope with unusually keen interest. They see that he is a thoroughly good man, devoted to his work, and with an intolerance for vice and corruption which strikes dismay into those who profit by abuses, always a numerous class in very ancient and widespread organizations. They see that he is quite fearless, that he habitually speaks out, and that he does not hesitate, as Austria saw in the remarkable case of the Archbishop of Olmütz, to use his supreme power in the Church when necessary against the very highest in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. They expect him, therefore, to be popular, the world estimating Popes very much as it estimates Judges,—that is, by character for uprightness and goodness rather than by knowledge of law. But they see also elements of danger to his Church, considered as a powerful institution, which arise from the very virtues of the present occupant of the Papal throne. His course through his complex world may prove too straight to be altogether safe. Pius X. is clearly no diplomatist. He considers, for example, that the French Government in prohibiting the Congregations from teaching or keeping schools is acting oppressively and in an unrighteous manner, and he says so in a voice which is audible in every house in France, and which has immensely increased the bitterness of the conflict between the French Government and the church. Thousands of influential men in France who would have gladly welcomed any reasonable compromise now declare that compromise is impossible, that the fight must go on to a finish, that diplomatic communication with the Vatican must be broken off, and that

the Concordat, which for nearly a hundred years has been the basis of Ultramontane authority in France, must be denounced, and the Church, without any State revenue, be left at the mercy of a Legislature more or less agnostic. Leo XIII., though not perhaps so candid as Pius X., was a great diplomatist, and would almost certainly have evaded this great and dangerous conflict. He had the power, for it is clear from successive votes in the Chamber that French politicians cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of France ceasing to be the protector of Roman Catholic Missions throughout the transmarine world. Leo XIII. would have threatened to transfer that position, with its control over an agency that covers the world, into other hands, and so have compelled M. Combes to pause, if not to retreat. So envenomed has the dispute become that it is believed that M. Loubet, while paying a visit of ceremony to the King of Italy, will pay no visit to the Pope, an omission which, as we see from a recent scene in the Chamber, will be regarded by fervent Roman Catholics as a deliberate affront to their Church, and by men of all religious opinions as a proclamation that between that Church and the French Government there is open war. If, indeed, the Pope by his impetuous denunciation had alarmed the Chamber, and so altered votes, the Vatican might have claimed a victory, however temporary; but, on the contrary, the Bill has been rushed through the Chamber in a truncated form which, according to many French lawyers, increases its severity. As in the present condition of affairs half the Governments of the world have frequently difficult "questions" to settle with Rome—questions of education in par-

ticular—which keenly interest Liberal majorities, this apparent absence of diplomatic capacity or diplomatic reserve may at any moment produce, as it were by accident, most serious consequences. All history shows that the jealousy of Rome felt by the lay Powers of the world is incurable, and extends even to Princes and statesmen who on another side of their minds are honestly devoted to the Roman Church. They do not like, all the same, to be held up to those they rule as impious persons, as Pius X., if that were his conviction, would hold them up without much thought of consequences. Cardinal Rampolla as he reads of any blunder of the kind must feel inclined to say, as Ferdinand, the superseded Emperor of Austria, did when he heard of the cession of Lombardy: "Well, I could have done that!"

An equally dangerous symptom is the apparent proclivity of the Pope towards what may be best described as the "old orthodox" schools of thought. The whole record of his Holiness proves him to be an able man, but the evidence of his ability has been principally success in administration; and the history of our own Episcopate shows us how often great ability in administration has been conjoined with total incapacity to accept new ideas. Now the Roman Church is feeling, in a limited degree no doubt, but still feeling, like the Protestant Churches, the pressure of the new atmosphere produced by the discoveries of science and the investigations of Oriental antiquarians; and to see those discoveries ignored, and those investigations set aside, by the authority which on the religious aspect of those questions is considered an infallible guide must to the brightest intelligences in the Church be exquisitely painful. The proceedings taken, for instance, against the Abbé Loisy amount, in the judgment of such minds, to an attempt to silence inquiry

and suppress thought as violent as any adopted in the Middle Ages. The bodies of inquirers, no doubt, are safe to-day, but their minds are subjected to torture, arising from the conflict between their enlightened perceptions and their old convictions. The compression is not one whit more endurable because it is sanctioned by a Pope whom everybody believes to be both able and conscientious; who is, in fact, only doing what he conceives to be his duty in preventing the diffusion of opinions which, if diffused, will, he believes, weaken the faith of the flocks entrusted to his charge. The result of such a course of action, if this is what the Pope really intends—and he is obviously a determined man, resolute to obey his own best lights—cannot fail to be disastrous. Such decrees as that against the Abbé Loisy will deepen the cleavage already existing between the intelligent and the ignorant; will drive out of the Church its ablest thinkers, who if let alone would be its best defence against the rising tide of materialism; and will intensify the most visible danger of the Roman Catholic faith, its tendency to become the creed of the Latin races only. Narrowness in a Pope may excite derision in France, but those who believe will go on believing. It will affect, perhaps frighten, only a limited class in Italy and Spain, and in Spanish America it will probably pass almost unnoticed. But in Germany, America, and England it will weaken the Church materially, will spread doubts as to the divine claim of the central authority, and in the end will foster disbelief in the dogmas which the Pope himself fears to subject to reasonable criticism. The case is the worse because the intellectual world of our day is not seeking, as it was in the eighteenth century, for arguments against Christianity, but is trying, honestly and zealously trying, especially in Germany, to find arguments that

may finally harmonize reason and Revolution. That search is going on ceaselessly in the Roman Catholic as in the Protestant Churches, and to be brought sharply up by an *impasse* in the shape of a charge of heresy is to investigating minds intent on that great task of reconciliation almost unendurable. In Germany, America, and England such obscurantism will not be borne, but will be evaded by the silent secession of the

*The Spectator.*

intelligent, who in the end, if not at first, will carry away with them large sections of the general mass. This is just the time when an obscurantist Pope who is also a virtuous and upright man may do incredible injury to his Church, and it is such a Pope that many farseeing Roman Catholics fear they will find in the otherwise admirable Pontiff Pius X.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Maude Wilder Goodwin's story of American Life, "Four Roads to Paradise," which has been running as a serial in *The Century*, has now been published in book form by the Century Company.

The Macmillian Company announce that Mr. Stephen Phillips' new drama, which will be published next autumn, is at present called "The Sin of David." This is the second title chosen by the poet and there will be time for another change before the book finds publication.

The new classified re-issue in twelve volumes of Mr. Arber's "English Garner" is to be completed by the publication of two volumes containing fifteen collections of Elizabethan Sonnets. Mr. Sidney Lee, in his introduction to the volume, which embodies a large amount of original research, deals with the dependence of the Elizabethan sonnet on foreign examples which he touched on in his "Life of Shakespeare." He shows that a mass of Elizabethan sonnets hitherto regarded as original are literal translations from the French and Italian.

Sir Edwin Arnold, whose recent death has removed a well-known figure from London journalism and literature kept

up an unfailing courage through his last years, which were full of physical affliction. Not long before his death he wrote: "My condition would be a sad one without patience and resignation. I am now totally blind and able to work only with assistance; but I never despair, but go on with my work thanking Heaven for my unimpaired powers." Up to a few days before his death he was writing upon the Japanese-Russian war, and his intimate knowledge of Japanese affairs enabled him to illuminate the present situation.

Carlyle's contempt for autograph hunters found expression in an autograph recently sold in London which ran thus: "Here is the autograph. May it do you far more good than I expect. T. Carlyle." Another document disposed of at the same sale showed the anger which Browning felt with Gladstone after the introduction of the Irish Home Rule bill: "This week," wrote the poet, in July, 1887, "I have twice excused myself from dinners because Gladstone was to be present. How, years ago, I used to like the notion that so many of my friends were in the habit of asking me to meet him, and now the meeting handshake would be too painful. 'Oh, world! where all things change and nought abides!'"

## WAR AND PEACE.

War, if you will,  
For those that ask it, let them have  
their fill—  
But must the peasants go  
So far away from home across the  
snow  
To perish in a land  
Whose very name they hardly know  
And for a cause they cannot understand?

Have they no wives  
And helpless little ones who need their  
lives?  
Are they not dear to Christ  
These simple multitudes so cheaply  
priced?  
Earth is so wide, and they  
For whom a narrow home sufficed  
Must they be sent to die so far away?

Yet some of them  
Have journeyed for His sake to Bethlehem,  
And kneeling where He lay,  
Offered their hearts for gifts and went  
their way;  
And now, where'er they are,  
I like to think that, come what may,  
They are at peace who once have seen  
the Star.

*Hugh Macnaghten.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE FORERUNNER.

A three-days' moon above the mist-crowned hill,  
And in the half-thawed lake her image set,  
Dim and mysterious, sombre trees and still,  
That scarce have felt within them stirring yet  
The new wine of the sap-dun fields and bare,  
And overhead the rooks in wheeeling flight,  
A line of darkness in the upper air.  
Across the moorland sweeps the lonely wind,  
And the pale sun that warmed the earlier day

Has wearied of his task, and slipt behind  
The low entrenchments of his cloud-walls gray:  
Sickly the grass, by hungry sheep down-trod,  
Only the crocus in his cloth of gold  
Has courage yet to pierce the barren sod!

A cold and silent world—yet is the bush  
Not like the sleep of winter, calm, profound,  
But that expectant stillness ere the rush  
Of a full harmony of living sound:  
And in the chilly dawn the blackbird's song  
Is all of apple-blooms, and forests green,  
And nests that shall be built again ere long!

Faint and elusive is the Season's charm,  
That like some flower with petals tightly curl'd,  
Wraps warmly round from rude assault and harm  
The loveliness that yet shall flood the world:  
For soon will eager swallows take the wing  
And fill the earth with glad rejoicing cries—  
The gay outriders of the Court of Spring!

*Christian Burke.*

*Pall Mall Magazine.*

## THE SHIPS OF LOVE.

Alas, the sea. Alas, the empty sea.  
The desolate disenchantment of the sea.  
When dreaming darkness lifts and brings the light  
And all the fleet of Love is out of sight

But who shall sing the wonder of the sea,  
The great, mysterious magic of the sea.  
When on the deeps the heart thought empty lie  
The golden galleons of Love's argosy.

*Ethel Clifford.*

*The Pilot.*

